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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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PRO-SLAVERY RETREAT.

Southern Baptists.

ALABAMA BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

This association is named after the noble river which names the State. Its last session was held at Centre Ridge Church, Dallas county, October 9th, 1840. Reverend Jesse Hartwell, moderator; David Lee, clerk. The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, a portion of the Baptists at the North have taken it in hand to utter their threats and anathemas against us at the South, as holders of slaves, and have pronounced their excommunications, in case we do not comply with certain conditions, which they have been pleased to prescribe, we feel called upon to express our views and opinions upon this subject. We, therefore, adopt the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That we have read our Bibles, and are fully convinced that slavery is in perfect accordance with its holy dictates, and that the condemnation of it either in principle or practice entered not into the instructions of Christ and his apostles. Therefore, in the act of holding slaves, we sin not, and by consequence deserve not the sentence pronounced against us.

2. Resolved, That we consider that those who are engaged in the cause of abolition, are engaged in an *unholy* cause—in one which is condemned by the Bible, and wholly unauthorized by the blessed Saviour.

3. Resolved, That we unitedly determine to resist all interference of northerners in our domestic relations; and we advise them to "mind their own business," "study to be quiet"—and no more endeavor to "sow discord among brethren." W. C. C.

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The Bethlehem Baptist Association, held its twenty-fourth anniversary, at the Indian Spring Church, Monroe county, Alabama, on the 25th—28th September, 1840. A. Travis, moderator, and J. H. Schroebel, clerk. This association contains 39 churches and 2,114 members, of whom 236 were received by baptism during the past year. From the Minutes we copy the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, a certain paper, called "The Christian Reflector, extra," has been forwarded to many of us as pastors of churches; which paper contains sentiments abhorrent to our views, and certain threats against us as holders of slaves, we feel that it is our duty to express our views on this subject. We think ourselves compelled to declare against men who misrepresent and slander us—who charge us with crimes of which we are not guilty—who represent us as tragical tyrants, and bloody murderers; and who, on these accounts, debar us out of their Christian fellowship; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby express our utter detestation of the principles, accusations and threats, contained in the "Address to Southern Baptists," believing them to be unkind, untrue, unchristian, and unscriptural.

Resolved, That in the event of the Baptist General Convention, at their next meeting, refusing to express their determination to withdraw their co-operations in every way whatever with those fanatics of the North, we recommend to our brethren of the South to adopt measures for opening a channel by which our cheerful benefactions may be carried to the perishing heathen, that they may receive the word of life.

Resolved, That we recommend our brethren at the South to speak their sentiments fully and fearlessly on this subject, and let the Northern Baptists know distinctly that we cannot co-operate with those who thus stigmatize and excommunicate us."—*Biblical Recorder of Jan.* 16 1841.

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Slave-holding courtesy and Christianity.—The following letter reached us on the 10th inst. We publish it with a strict regard to accuracy in all respects, without note or comment, stating only that the writer is put down on the Triennial Register as a Baptist minister in Georgia.—*Ch. Reflector.*

HENRY CITY, August 24th, 1840.

Cyrus P. Grosvenor—Sir I received from you and your abolition Company an address to the Southern Baptist which I suppose was intended for my perrusial. I have looked it over carefully and pronounce it a foul slander upon the Baptist of the South, and therefore perfectfully willing to your non fellowship declaration, for if I never eat Bread Sacredly unless I do so with such foul slanderers as I am satisfied you are I shall be debared the priviledge Ballance of my days, and I as you profess to be Christians I say to you drop your meanness and try and worship God. Dont send me any more of your foul slang.

T. D. OXFORD.

Richard Rush.

We deeply regret the nesessity of recording this name on the pro-slavery list. We had hoped better things of a man who took so noble a position, a few years since, on a great moral question which was then before the people.—The following is an extract of a speech made by him last summer in Lynn, Mass., which ought to have appeared in our columns several months ago. When will this base bowing of the knee to slavery cease!

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He had mentioned abolition. This he had done incidentally, but he could not be content with only such a mention of it. It was a subject by itself. It was transcendant in importance. He would not shun it from its delicacy, which in other words meant its importance—the imperious reason for bringing it into view. He felt that he had the better title to speak his opinions upon it because he came from a State where, as in Massachusetts, slavery had no footing. A still farther title he might perhaps be permitted to refer to in the fact, that Franklin had given a main impulse to the abolition of slavery in Pennsylvania, and that while Franklin and his Franklin, let him proudly say, for both States could claim him, born in the one, and dying in the other—his fame the inheritance of us all. He it was who drew the act for putting an end to slavery in Pennsylvania, and what done in the spirit of freedom, it had the calmness of philosophy and the wisdom of statesmanship. If that immortal patriot and sage still lived, he would now, as then, Mr. R. could have no doubt, leave this question with the States, where alone it belonged; and he (Mr. R.) could not too earnestly proclaim from where he now stood, surrounded by the enlightened and fearless spirits of Northern Democracy, whom it was his privilege and honor to address, how vital it was to our common prosperity, to all our highest interests, present and future, that the general government as it had nothing to do with this subject constitutionally, should forever abstain from touching it directly or indirectly, in any possible shape or form. If a different course prevailed, the Union must perish, ages of woe follow, and the very race sought to be benefited inevitably become the greatest sufferers, though not so intended by the abolitionists. This he believed as fully as he believed any incontestible truth. Now, although it might hang in doubt whether the Presidential candidate of the money-power was for or against abolition, for the oracle was made to answer both ways, there was full certainty that he had the support of the abolition party. Why else, to go to no other proof, did it put aside the frank and chivalrous Clay, who had moreover a thousand times his talents as the whigs all know, and a thousand times more claim to their support? Gen. Harrison's success would be a triumph to that party. They would so consider it beyond all doubt. It would be a great triumph. His election would become an entering wedge to further activity and schemes from it, threatening the arrival, sooner or later, of the evils predicted. This therefore was the season, the chosen season, which, if lost, it might not be within human means to recall. when an overpowering public opinion, when every maxim of sound policy, every duty and dictate of patriotism, every feeling of enlightened and rational humanity, should be zealously exerted to summon every good citizen to the national polls to check this party by rejecting its candidate. The north, the middle, all parts were equally interested with the south in rejecting him on this ground alone, if they desired to prevent what Washington so feelingly, so indignantly deprecated, what the friends of human rights and liberty throughout the world would mourn over—the falling to pieces of this glorious Union amidst horrors and blood. Let the enlightened, unflinching, and patriotic democrats of Massachusetts look to this transcendant concern as we in Pennsylvania would take care to do, unseduced by a false philanthropy. Let us each protect our own highest interests now and forever, as well as the rights and interests of the Southern States, by frowning upon an abolition candidate, and surely General Harrison is so in effect.

SELECTIONS.

From the Philanthropist.

The Sphere of Woman.

DR. BAILEY:—The following letter was received here a few days since, and the writer, by withholding his address, having put it out of our power to address him in person, we should esteem it a favor to be allowed the privilege of replying to it, through the columns of the Philanthropist.—The letter itself would have been deemed unworthy of notice, the arguments, if such they may be called, having been repeatedly met and refuted by other pens than ours. The sentiments contained in it, however, afford a pretty fair specimen of the course pursued by shallow minded men, for the overthrow of female influence in relation to slavery. We have thought it a good opportunity for reminding such, that their advice is a little too late in the day to have any weight with an enlightened community. The letter was post marked Hancock, Maryland,—and we hope if Franklin has any more communications to make with us, he will have the courtesy to pay the postage, as we prefer throwing our small change into the fund for the poor and down-trodden, to expending it for common-place advice and fallacious reasoning.

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TO MISS LUCY W. ALLEN, AND 188 LADIES OF MUSKINGHAM COUNTY, OHIO.

MARCH 9th, 1841.

Looking over the National Intelligencer, a few days since, I perceived a list of 134 petitions which had been sent to the Hon. John Q. Adams to be presented to Congress, which for want of opportunity, had not been presented. The majority of these petitions were on the subject of the abolition of slavery, insidiously intended to commence with the District of Columbia; and amongst the rest, one for that purpose signed by you. I am a great friend to the ladies, and it really grieves me to see so many of my fair countrywomen leaving their proper legitimate sphere of duty, the domestic circle, where they can be useful and shine as ornaments in society, and meddling in the political and civil concerns of State—and more especially on the delicate subject of domestic slavery. Do you know what you are endeavoring to accomplish? Do you know that you are agitating a subject which is calculated to shake to its centre this beloved republic of ours, the only government on earth where the rights of women are recognized and respected? Do you know that you are lending your aid to kindle a fire which will not be extinguished but by the blood of slaughtered thousands, perhaps millions of your countrymen, women and children, and which will inevitably destroy this government? And who, who can estimate the suffering and carnage that would ensue; were your efforts to emancipate the slaves among us to prove successful!—Look at the history of St. Domingo and tremble. The folly (not to call it by a harsher name) of your abolition societies has already rendered the condition of the slaves worse than it was. Your publications, your petitions, and fanaticism, have already produced a restlessness and insubordination, which makes it necessary to rivet the chains of bondage more closely, and I have no doubt that your interference in what does not concern you, will not only make the condition of the slaves worse, but it will postpone their final emancipation many years. I am no friend to slavery—far from it—but I do know that it can never be abolished in this country without the consent of the slaveholders themselves. And pray what are you asking Congress to do? Why, just what they have no right to do. You certainly know, or ought to know, that the Constitution recognizes slaves as property, and guarantees the possession to their owners, and that Congress has no shadow of power or authority under it, to legislate on the subject in any shape or way.—There has been, and still is, a feeling in the South—tending to gradual emancipation, and many slaves have been manumitted and furnished liberally with means to carry them to Liberia, where they can enjoy the privileges of freemen, which it is madness to suppose they ever can here. Let me ask you if you are prepared for the consequences of immediate and universal emancipation. Are you prepared for amalgamation? which must take place if your plans succeed. Are you prepared for this, are you willing to be led to the hymenial altar by the sable descendants of Ham? Or are you willing that your daughters and relatives should become the wives of negroes and raise up a generation of motley beings who can never enjoy the privileges of freemen? The inevitable consequence of the success of your wishes will be the destruction of the American Republic, and, in all probability, the establishment of a despotism upon its ruins, which will rule us with a rod of iron. I beseech you then to cease your efforts, as you value your own happiness and the happiness of your posterity; cease to lend your aid to bring upon your country all the horrors of civil war, of rapine, and blood-shed. In the domestic circle is woman's glory; there she shines, or ought to shine. There she can fulfil the high destiny and the duties for which she was created—there will she be honored and beloved. Her husband will praise her, and her children will rise up and call her blessed. Then, ladies, after all, take the advice of an old friend to your sex, one numbered nearly three score years. Stay at home—see well to your households, patch the clothes of your husbands, brothers and sons—guide the spindle and use the distaff; keep all things snug and neat in your houses, and my word for it, if you attend well to your domestic duties, and to the training up of your children carefully—and spend your leisure hours in instructing them in the principles of morality, and above all, the religion of our Saviour—you will neither find time nor have inclination to intermeddle with things which do not properly belong to your station;—nor to get up abolition petitions to scatter firebrands among your neighbors in other sections of our common country.

Respectfully yours,

FRANKLIN.

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REPLY.

Our correspondent reminds us of a legend given us by Irving, in his Sketch-Book, of a Dutchman, who fell asleep on the banks of the Hudson, and so profound were his slumbers, that years rolled by before he recovered from his nap. All unconscious of the changes which had taken place during his soporific abstraction, he took up the current of events, where he left it, on that memorable day when he yielded to the power of Somnus, by the majestic stream of the Highlands. Now the time was, when anti-slavery movements were first projected, that the action of woman beyond the smoke of her own domicile, was every where spoken against. Her touching appeals in behalf of the oppressed, though she had ever before been regarded as the angel of mercy, were denounced as indecorous, unfeminine, and subversive of that wise arrangement of Providence by which she was decreed to think only by proxy.—The cry, too, of insurrection, conflagration, assassination, revolution, and amalgamation—was set up on all sides, to intimidate the weak and disconcert the ingenious. Since then, however, a change has come over the times. We have seen eight hundred thousand human beings brought out at once from the deepest darkness of slavery, and invested with all the privileges of freemen. No midnight massacres, no smouldering ruins, no garments dyed in blood, have brought mourning and desolation upon those lovely Isles,—but one loud, long, simultaneous burst of praise to the God of Heaven, echoing amid all their vales from hill-side to hill-side, has proved that the negro is a man, governed by the same laws of mind which govern other men, and that rights restored, awaken gratitude rather than revenge. The form of government in the colonies remains unchanged. Peace, industry, and subordination, characterize the laborers—and those who were formerly opposed to emancipation on the estates, now feel and acknowledge its advantages. Nor have we seen any account of the rapid advance of the newly emancipated in refinement and intelligence, which need to excite the tears of Franklin in the decline of life, lest his sable brethren should bear away the palm, in competition with the fair. Should such, however, be the result, we doubt whether a more "motley race" of beings could awake our sympathies, than are now to be found, we grieve to say, in some of the fairest portions of our rapublic. The idea, too, of woman's mental imbecility, and unfitness to participate in the political movements of her country, has become somewhat heterodox—for within the time referred to, a *woman* has ascended the throne of one of the greatest nations on the globe, and women are wielding the sceptre over some of the inferior powers of Europe. In our own republican country, also, where the sphere of *woman* has been more narrowed down than in many despotic governments, the late political campaign has effected a most surprising revolution in her favor. We have seen her invited to take a part in the getting up of political machinery to influence the elections. We have listened to her eulogies and her poems in behalf of the *people's* candidate. We have seen her gracing the processions of the military, animating the other sex by her presence, and unfurling her glittering banners to the breeze—we have seen her, too, among the auditory, sitting side by side with people of color, without one hiss of disapprobation, or a single note of alarm that the barriers of society were giving way. All this, the lapse of time has effected, and it is too late to roll back the car of reform, which has been moving on for some months past, with most surprising velocity. We should, however, have but an insecure basis for our rule of action, were it subject to the mutations of public opinion. Variable as the winds of heaven, and deceptive as the mighty deep, we might be wrecked upon its faithless bosom, without helm or compass for our guide.—"We have a more sure word of prophecy," which is as a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path. By it we learn that all men are brethren, and are taught to love them as ourselves. When, therefore, we look upon the poor down-trodden slave, and place our soul in his soul's stead, we are constrained to do what we can for his deliverance—and we do this without fear of injury to the oppressor—for we know that he who has said, "let the oppressed go free," will bestow his blessing as the reward of obedience. We are not ignorant of the history of St. Domingo, or of the fact, that the advocates of oppression have given their version of the tragic scenes with which it is connected. It was a noble struggle for liberty, which had been promised to the negroes for their valor in defence of the whites, their *oppressors*; and it was not until the common enemy had been subdued, and an atttempt was made to reduce the blacks again to bondage, that those deeds of despotism, so often held up as a beacon to abolitionists, were enacted. If the counterpart to that revolution is ever found in this slaveholding republic, it will be while the iron hand of slavery is still crushing its victims to the earth, and not when the chains are broken, and the claims of kindred are acknowledged.

We agree with friend Franklin, that

"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good."

And we venture to affirm, although we have no slaves, and many of us fill the double capacity of maid and mistress, that our family wardrobes are in as good repair, and our family circles as well trained, and happy as any others of equal number south of Mason and Dixon's line. Notwithstanding our (in his view) Herculean labors, we do not fail of offering our signatures yearly, to some two or three petitions in favor of the people of color. In addition to this, believing it to be a duty equally incumbent on us, "to provoke good works in man," we occasionally pen a newspaper paragraph for the enlightening of some ignorant brother who, Van Winkle like, seems to be just awakening from the slumbers of some half-dozen years is perfect amazement at the march of improvement during his state of dreaming quiescence. We advise our venerable unknown to get his spectacles on, and look over the course of events a little before the next session of Congress, for we feel assured that increasing light will greatly increase the number of female petitions, and that weightier arguments than those of by-gone days will be necessary to arrest the tide of female sympathy, which has begun to flow forth toward the oppressed. Indeed, we have a right to expect that the petitions of *women*, under the auspices of our gallant President, will meet with more courtesy from the present administration, than they have done from the one just preceding. We ourselves heard him say, in his electioneering tour through this State, among other pretty things made ready for the occasion, that if any thing could change his views respecting the policy of this government, it would be the influence of woman. If, then, the Executive of these United States attaches so much importance to female influence "in concerns of the State," we shall be highly culpable, if we do not exert it on the side of justice and humanity.

We would take this opportunity to inform our venerable friend, that for five successive years we have sent up our annual petitions to Congress, to be tossed with kindred memorials among the dust and rubbish of unhallowed things. But for his unsolicited attentions, the memorial of the past session might have shared the same inglorious oblivion with its predecessors. We thank him for noticing the fact that one hundred and eighty-eight women of Putnam, Muskingum county, Ohio, do remember the bondmen and bondwomen of the District of Columbia, and we assure him it is our purpose to remember them, until, in the language of our memorial, "this Christian people abjure, for ever, a traffic in the souls of men." We trust they are remembered, too, at a higher tribunal than the Congress of these United States. A tribunal, where the humblest petitioner is not refused a hearing, and where the power to grant is commensurate with the justice and mercy of the sovereign. Blessed be his name: the time is coming, when every form of oppression shall cease, and the whole human family dwell together in one common brotherhood. We trust our unknown friend, agreeably to his own admissions, will rejoice with us that such is the fiat of the Almighty, and that whether abolitionists, or colonizationists, or the slaveholders themselves, retard the work of final emancipation, the power of the oppressor will be broken. Not, we hope, with the rod of Jehovah's anger, but through the force of truth and love. Happy are they who may be permitted in any way, however insignificant, to assist in bringing about that universal jubilee which must precede the reign of the Prince of Peace.

ONE OF THE SIGNERS OF SAID PETITION.

From the Friend of Man.

A Voice from the South.

PETERBORO, April 6, 1841.

Mr. Hough,—I have recently received a letter from my correspondent, who resides in Tennessee. That your readers may confide the more in his representation, I would remark that he is a gentleman of great intelligence and great moral worth. James G. Birney, who, when he lived at the South, was well acquainted with him, holds him in high estimation. The extensive landed property of my correspondent in Tennessee, and in other of the slave States, is the occasion of his travelling a great deal, and of his witnessing much of the real and practical character of slavery. He writes me freely and without reserve. I wish I could send his letters entire to the press. But to do so would be at the serious hazard of his personal safety.

The following are extracts from my correspondent's last letter. Very respectfully yours,

GERRIT SMITH.

Extracts from a letter of Gerrit Smith's correspondent in Tennessee, dated March 22d, 1841:

"A wagoner, with whom I am acquainted, from ——— county, by the name of ———, who passed here some three or four days since, on his return from Augusta, Ga., stated that on his way he staid at the house of John Smith —Smith had an overseer, who stripped a negro man, tied his hands together, drew them over his knees, ran a stick through above his arms, then with one of those heavy slave-driver's whips, struck him three times; the whip cut entirely through the skin, which, being strained, spread open. He then took a lighter whip and whipped him to a jelly, to use his own language, from his head to his feet.—All this was for a report, which the owner had heard, viz: that the negro said that the overseer should not whip him a second time, which the negro declared then and the next day to be entirely untrue. Cases of these enormous cruelties are so constantly reaching us from South Carolina, that they excite little attention."

"There is a planter at ———, Jefferson county, by the name of ———, from South Carolina, who has about 40 slaves, who adopted this despotic system of discipline. He first hired a Tennessee overseer, with whom I am somewhat acquainted, but who resigned his office very soon, as he could not be as cruel as his employer required.——— then brought one from S. C. The neighborhood was so shocked with his cruelty, that several planters waited on ———, and told him that it must be discontinued.——— paid some attention to the remonstrance, but is sufficiently barbarous yet. He complains of the country as being too free for him. Report says he has purchased lands in Texas.

Some two weeks ago, while on my way to ———, I was compelled to stop at the house of ———, in a severe rain. He is one of the despots of the county, though keeping a public house. I had never stopped with him. I had several times conversed with him on the subject of slavery. I met with no harsh treatment. His professions were friendly to me individually, though he said hard things of the abolitionists. I should think he had about 20 slaves, clothed in rags—some of them barefoot in this cold March rain. On Sabbath morning, while breakfast was preparing, a slave came to the door and spoke to him. He took a leather-covered whip, with a lash about twelve inches long, called here a wagoner's whip. With this he stepped into his yard, and whipped some five or six of his slaves.—Every blow could be counted. I should suppose they were as severe as a strong man could make them, and probably averaged about twenty to each slave. He returned, laid by the whip, the family continued their engagements as usual, no more excited than if he had been to the door to speak to his slaves. What their offences were was unknown to me. There is always enough with such despots. Even should there be no other, they say it is best to keep them 'cowed.'

"There is uneasiness in Kentucky, this State and North Carolina, and in all of them a majority of the legal voters are opposed to slavery. Marshal's letters, published in the Louisville Journal, have probably reached you. I have seen but one, that in the paper of Feb. 3. The Kentucky travellers tell me that the anti-slavery influence there is on the gain. It is in this State. Many good men are discussing it openly. There are some who call themselves abolitionists. Of the number is my excellent friend, ———, Esq., cashier of the ——— bank in ———. He freed his slaves, and he assured me that he thought it no dishonor to be known as an abolitionist. A family of slaves have lately been made free in ———, that were owned by the clerk of the court. I think there were about fifteen.—About the same number owned in ———, by a Mr. ———, will probably be taken to Indiana and made free. Mr. ——— is offering his place for sale for that purpose. My good friend, Judge ———, says in a few years all will be made free. When I saw him last week, I loaned him your reply to Mr. Clay. He assured me it was his intention to write to you. This, unimportant as it may appear, is worthy of some regard, as it will do much to show that the most intelligent men at the South have much respect for the abolitionists."

"Last week ———, Esq., of ———, North Carolina, stopped here on his return from Texas, where he had been for some months, settling the estate of a son who died there. He spent a night with us on his way out. I found him an interesting man, strongly opposed to slavery. He assured me he had long exerted himself to overthrow it in North Carolina. He has been seven years a member of the Legislature, and assured me that he knew the opinion of most of the leading men of that State on the subject. He states that there is now a majority in the State oppposed to it. He was much gratified when I assured him our anti-slavery people of the North would be glad to correspond with him. I gave him your address. You will probably receive a letter from him soon. If the tax is too great on your time, some of our friends will, I hope, find it convenient to correspond with him. If I am not mistaken, a door is now opened, which, if rightly improved, will give us access to the whole anti-slavery influence in North Carolina. All that is wanting there to make it effectual, is to make it active and energetic."

"I THINK THE RESOLUTION OF THE ABOLITIONISTS AT THE NORTH TO ACT POLITICALLY EXCELLENT. *Assure our pro-slavery friends that we will remember them at the polls, and they will soon become sparing of their abuse. If generally adopted at the North, it will find its way across Mason and Dixon's line, and then the days of slavery are numbered.*"

"A large proportion of the Presbyterian and Methodist clergymen that I am acquainted with at the South, are opposed to slavery. Most of them are humble, pious, self-denying men."

"I am sorry to say, that we have some pro-slavery clergymen in this State. Among the most conspicuous is an editor of a political paper published at Jonesboro, in East Tennessee. His name is William G. Brownlowe. But few papers leave his office without some denunciations of the abolitionists. A year last February, he made one of a delegation from Washington county, to the Knoxville Whig Convention. With some, I may say many good traits of character, he is excitable and indiscreet. On his way, at Greenville, he procured a red flannel *petticoat*, carried it himself, on a pole some 20 feet long, as an expression of contempt for a slander on Gen. Harrison. Such a strange exhibition drew squads of both parties out to see what was passing. When he saw loco-focos, he called them, with a familiar *sang froid*, "Look here you rascals." As the roads were bad, they had some 20 to 30 miles to ride on the Sabbath. Yet Mr. Brownlowe carried the flag to the door of his hotel in Knoxville, in the afternoon. In the excitement on Monday evening, he drank too freely.—His severe personal remarks soon brought him into a quarrel with one of the adverse party. It was said that in this his adversary was the aggressor. Brownlowe sent to Baltimore, by Gen. Wm. Brazzleton, for a select pistol. Soon after receiving it, he met his adversary in the street for a personal encounter. But his foe got the first shot, and wounded him severely in the thigh. This man (his adversary) gives a detailed account of these transactions, with the exception of drinking too freely at Knoxville, and states that he yet preaches—in his paper. I have heard that he would not be permitted to remain in the Methodist Church, without reformation, but as yet I have not heard of his expulsion. This is here a very unusual case. But the pro-slavery clergy at the South, as at the North, sometimes act apparently in the absence of religious influences."

From the Christian Reflector.

The two Philanthropists.

The following article, which will be read with thrilling and most solemn interest by every one who has a heart to feel, has been forwarded to us from a town in the interior of New York. The aged writer says to us—"dispose of this as you think proper." So we will; and we think it proper to hold it up, as a REFLECTOR, before the faces of a religious community, many of whom are, at the present moment, much in doubt whether slavery is so great an evil, after all, as some of their "Ultra" brethren would have it thought to be. Read the article, and you will understand us. Its simplicity and quaintness of style do not injure it. They remind us of *Bunyan*.

A short historical account of two Baptist brethren, one a Northern farmer, and the other a Southern planter.

For a number of years past, they have been equally noted for their zeal and promptitude in sustaining the Foreign Missions. In 1832, Mr. F. pledged himself to the Missionary board for fifty dollars, payable in nine months. He depended on his wheat crop to make the money. The weevils made such havock amongst his wheat that he had not sufficient for his family's use. He consults his boys, and says, the money must be paid; my word stands for it. Joseph, them four-year-old cattle which I had thought of your taking on to your new farm must be sold. O, no, father, I must have them. No, Joseph, you may have the old cattle to do your logging. We can get along with our other team for one year. The young cattle were sold and the money was paid timely. The year following, Mr. S. having knowledge of what the Northern farmer had done, felt the philanthropic spirit move and begun to reflect on the means he possessed for making money. I have plenty of good land for raising cotton. I have twenty-five hands who can perform all the labor; their board will cost us many pecks of corn per week; and, more than all this, I will not place myself on a level with a northern farmer. And he pledged himself to pay double the sum for the above purpose, that he had. Within one year, the time drew nigh for payment. His cotton did not fetch its usual price, and other demands pressed on him so hard, he soon found he must sell one of his slaves. Three of them were brethren in the same church with himself.

One of the three, (Peter,) who had been a very faithful servant to him for about thirty years, and a professor half that time,—who had a wife and five children, Mr. S. fixed his eye on, for the market. His reflections were similar to a man who owned a horse. If I keep him four years longer, I shall most likely, lose half his value. Now he will sell for a prime horse. "Yes, Peter must be the one.—His oldest boy will soon make his place good. He shapes very much like the old fellow. The silly old creature is so attached to his wife and children, I expect he will make a great fuss; but I shan't hear much of it. I have got the business all arranged."

Peter was one that often went with the team to market. He must have a pair of pantaloons and a roundabout. He very well knew, Peter had a grateful heart. After receiving any favor, he would exert himself to the utmost. On Tuesday noon, he says to him, take a hand with you and load the wagon—you must start very early in the morning for Norfolk. You will be there two or three days. The cotton will all be taken from the store-house on board of a vessel. Peter felt well,—a little applause increased his ambition. Mr. S. had spoken to two men who wanted hands, to be there and notice Peter's movements, while at work. After exhibiting his strength, activity and skill for two days, the next morning came the trial. He was early up, and as usual, retired to give vent to his grateful heart and to implore divine aid that he might honor his profession through life; with a tranquil mind, he proceeded to rig his team for home. His mind soon reverted to the amount of labor he had accomplished in so short a time, and the kind treatment he had received from his master the two days past and more. He thought that, in a few hours, he should be at his little cot in the embrace of his much loved family, his only earthly enjoyment. While indulging in these anticipations, his Master steps out of the Inn, and says,—Peter, come here. Not being aware of the trap, he goes in.—He is no longer in suspense. His Master tells him, he is no longer *his* property,—he had transferred him to Mr. P., who was sitting by. Yes, says P., you are mine. I hope you will submit yourself under my hand without complaint. You will soon have a view of the delightful country of Texas. On hearing this, Peter was so agitated from head to foot, for a short time it deprived him of utterance. He then, with broken accents, says,—Master, I cannot live, if I am never more to see my dear wife and children. Master says—Peter, you know, that money must be paid that I stand pledged for to the Foreign Mission, and I think it ill becomes you, as a professed christian, to give us any trouble on the subject, since one seventh of the money I receive for you, is to be applied to such a sacred use. Oh, Master, I can't understand it. I commenced teaching my children to read the Bible. You forbid me. I wanted they should know something about that good book, so much and I thought it was right they should, that I continued teaching them secretly. Master got knowledge of it and punished me dreadfully. Why not my children be learned to know something about them good things, as well as them folks so far off? Here he was interrupted. His new master took him into his possession, and, with some assistance, took the poor fellow to a place of safe keeping, with a number of others, who were, some bewailing their parents—others their children—some their wives, sisters, and brothers. The master is now able to redeem his pledge. He has the applause of the Board, and the approbation of his Minister who married Peter, and, a number of times, had broken bread to him while sitting by the sacred board.

Now, I ask, is there one Baptist brother, north of Mason's and Dixon's Line, who has any knowledge of the precepts of the gospel, that dares say, those two men that have cast into the treasury of the Lord, have equal claims on the christian public for the reputation of charity and philanthropy.

Dear sir, if your patience should be a little wearied, you may be relieved when you know this article is from one between 70 and 80 years old, who never had nine months schooling, and no other means for a living but hard labor. —Dispose of this as you think proper.

J. C.

The Feeling in Ireland.

The indication which we copy below, of the feeling in Ireland, toward American slavery, is from the Dublin Morning Register.

"An occurrence took place on Monday evening at a temperance meeting, held in Angier-street, which we think particularly worthy of being made known all over Ireland; and, as our brethren of the press will, we doubt not, view it in the same light that we do, as an evidence of the improved and improving intelligence of our countrymen, and of that love of liberty which burns with so pure a flame in their hearts, we hope they will give it all the publicity which it deserves. The circumstance to which we allude is as follows:—Our fellow-citizen, Mr. James Haughton, introduced to the meeting we have alluded to an American gentleman, Doctor Townsend, as a medical man who had for several years past taken an active interest in the cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. When Mr. Townsend rose to address the audience, which was composed of a number of seamen and respectable mechanics, with their wives and daughters (we are sorry to say that the wealthier classes of society have not yet thrown much of their influence into the ranks of the teetotalers,) the question was at once and spontaneously put, "*Is he an anti-slavery man?*" When this question was answered in the affirmative the doctor was received with applause. Is not this fact a striking evidence of the feeling in our country on the subject of slavery in America? Would that it could be made to ring in the ears of every slave-owner in that country, giving him an impression of the scorn and contempt in which he is held by our people. May these indignant feelings increase until there shall not be one individual in Ireland who will not put the question, "Are you an anti-slavery man?" to every American when he lands on our shores.

In another Dublin paper, Saunders' News Letter, of the 26th of last Second month, is an account of a meeting of the Irish Temperance Union, held at the Royal Exchange; at which Dr. Townsend was one of the speakers.

"He said he left home, commisioned by the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons to convey to the Irish people, should he visit the Emerald Isle, their congratulations that 300,000 had, by the last account, adopted the pledge of total abstinence. How would their feelings be raised, how enlarged were his congratulatory feelings, when the fact reached them, which he heard this evening, that the number was now increased to 4,600,000 and upwards. He sincerely congratulated them on their present condition. He came amongst them as a temperance man—(cheers)—as a firm supporter of the anti slavery cause long and loud cheers.) He begged to say that it was in the free states of America that the cause of total abstinence made the greatest progress—that wherever slavery existed, though some exertions seemed to be made, yet still the cause lagged. While the people of Ireland were so ahead of the Americans in the noble cause of temperance, he regretted to find that their [illegible]al men had lagged behind. In America the medica[illegible]ession had led the van in the crusade against strong drinks, and as a medical man he was prepared to state that he had never heard in all the professional men he had met with, more than one who had urged a solid objection against temperance. He stated the number of temperance men in America to be, he believed, about 2,000,000. In consequence of the efforts being made in the anti-slavery cause for some time past that of temperance had lagged, but with the prospect of having now extensive emigration into America of Irish teetotallers, he had great hopes for the American territory; the Irish were their most troublesome visiters—now their best coadjutors (cheers.)

R. R. Moore, Esq., followed. He trusted the last speaker would take back with him to America the recollection of the loud and cordial cheer which he received as a friend of the slave (cheers.) The Irish people were now sober and they could feel for the sufferings of others. A drunken man was a slave himself—he made slaves of his wife and children; but he trusted the Irish from henceforth would uphold their high character, and be consistent alike to their temperance and anti-slavery principles. The speaker continued at considerable length to advocate the cause of temperance.

The next meeting was announced to be an anti-slavery one on Wednesday next."

Ministers in England.

The following extract from a speech of Mr. Stanton, we take from the Glasgow Argus. We think it will not be a very enviable position for those ministers.

"The honorable gentleman then pointed out the importance of religious influence on this question; and proceeded to make some pointed remarks on the changes that frequently take place in the principles of men after they have crossed the Atlantic. It was astonishing, he observed, how men could alter their principles seemingly with the change of longitude; the greatest pro-slavery advocates in New-York, the moment they arrived at Bristol, or Liverpool, became all of a sudden the staunchest abolitionists.—(Laughter.) He cautioned them to be on their guard against these lip abolitionists. Put them, he observed, under a system of cross examining—ask the age of their abolitionism—ask if they have not found it[illegible] for the first time, and are hugging it to their bosom like a new-born child—(laughter)—ask, too, if they don't mean to leave the bantling to perish behind them when they go away—(cheers and laughter)—pray ask them if they will cherish it on both sides of the Atlantic. There had been some strange revelations of character manifested on this subject. A reverend gentleman, whose opinions were by no means doubtful in this matter, came over to your country, and we were astonished to hear his abolition speeches. He was admitted into your pulpits and your meetings, and was recognized as a friend to the abolition of American slavery. That gentleman went back to America, and no doubt he delighted them there with his zeal in the cause of abolition! An anti-slavery meeting was about to take place, and he was asked to come and offer a prayer—declined; then would he come and make a speech!—declined; but perhaps he would come, and if not a speech, at least grace the platform with his presence—declined. A gentleman then took from his pocket his abolitionist speech, and asked if he would be allowed to read that document—declined.—(Cries of "Name, name") The Rev. Mr. Kirk. Another gentleman came to this country, and was eloquent in his denunciation of slavery; he returned home; and though he read from his pulpit all notices of Bible, and Missionary, and Tract Society meetings, he would not read a notice of anti-slavery society meeting, which he was requested to do. (Name, name.) Dr. Patton. They wished the conduct of these men to be noticed; and they wished also that they would occasionally send their eye across the Atlantic, after the ministers that went from this country; for many who were eloquent here, were as dumb as the slave there.

From the Practical Christian.

A Correspondence.

Between Oliver Johnson and George F. White. This is a neat pamphlet of 48 pages, just published in New-York, by Mr. Johnson, to whom the Christian is doubtless indebted for the copy just received. It is an able, interesting and valuable production. The occasion which gave rise to the correspondence will be understood with regret by many readers of this sheet. George F. White is a minister of the Society of Friends. It would appear that he is one of very influential standing among them. It appears, moreover, that he is one of that unfortunate class, who, sitting in George Fox's seat, have resolved themselves into *Conservatives*, and consider it part of their high calling to denounce what they deem the carnal, noisy, spurious philanthropy of the day; viz., ultra temperance, abolition and non-resistance movements. That many things have been said and done by the advocates of these causes, which might have been *better* said and done, had there been more grace and wisdom in their souls, is undoubtedly true. The same remark will be equally just if applied to the language and proceedings of Fox and his contemporaries, as impartial historians have recorded their savings and doings. But whether all the errors of feeling, speech and action which can be alleged against the one or the other of these two sets of persons, are a thousandth part as abhorrent in the sight of God as that refined indifference to *war, slavery*, &c., which is exhibited by many professed ministers of Christ, will be seen in the day of righteous judgment. It would be well for those who [illegible]ecently regard themselves as *wise* and *prudent*—as [illegible] *conservatives*, to remember the parable of the good Samaritan, and answer to themselves, many times over, the cutting question, ☞ 'which now of these three was neighbor to him that fell among the thieves?' It is an easy thing for men nurtured up in learning, wealth, and this world's refinement, to sit on their sofas, or stretch themselves on down, or ride on their coaches, or pore over their splendid libraries, or revel on the dainties of popular literature, or mingle at the banquets of their select associates, and sneer at fanatics, mad reformers, and crazy radicals. It is easy enough for such persons to overlook, or very slightly notice the abominations, violence and oppression which fill the earth; to content themselves with a few *respectable* works of reform, charity, righteousness; and to expend the heat of their zeal for moral order in denouncing those who, like certain men of old, 'turn the world upside down.' When men become so fastidious in their notions of rebuking and opposing sin, that all their sympathies flow with the tide of popular iniquities, and all their moral indignation bursts forth against reformers, *real* or *pseudo*, they may know that God has rejected them, and chosen another set of instruments with which to accomplish his work. There are *radicals*, stark mad, who go on all-fours, seeking what they may pull in pieces—*utter destructives*, whose whole business it is to find fault, throw down, and confound all things. There are *false reformers*, who, for want of reason, or conscience, or something useful to do, would keep the world under a process of experiments

short duration, for on the following day, when the fact was discovered and reported to her master, the negro who conveyed to her miserable rations of manioc dour and codfish which were allowed her, orders were given for her being again placed in the horrible position of torture from which she had extracted herself. The unfortunate woman remained in this state of confinement altogether *twenty-two months*, the greater part of which she was allowed only a bottle of water a-day, notwithstanding the great heat of the atmosphere, and she must have been starved to death from the irregularity with which even the very small quantity of food allowed to her was supplied, if her daughter had not, in bringing her clean linen, occasionally concealed some food in it, and if the daughters of her master had not also from time to time, but unknown to him, taken some nourisament to her. The dungeon in which she was confined was only nine feet long and six feet broad, and not four feet in height, without other opening for light and air, when the door was closed, than a small window. The knowledge of the barbarous and illegal treatment having at length reached the law authorities, the prisoner who was reduced to a skeleton, was at length released by them, and a prosecution was commenced against her owner. The court was excessively crowded, and many of the colonists who were present appeared to take a deep interest in the defence of the prisoner, which was chiefly confined to an assertion that he had only exercised the just right which a colonist has over his slaves, and that he believed the woman Lucile to have poisoned his wife and his cattle. The Procureur du Roi (M. Marais,) in his address to the court, stated that the accused, who, it appeared, had formally protested against the recent order which gives the law authorities the power of visiting the slave establishments in order that the slaves may be protected against ill-treatment, pointed out the violations of the law committed by the accused, and stated that he would perform his duty to the end, notwithstanding the excitement amongst the colonists in favor of the accused, and the confident tone in which they predicted his acquittal. During the address of the Procureur du Roi, the manifestations of dissatisfaction by the colonists present were frequent and indecorous; but the President having declared that he would see that the tribunal should be respected, they subsided. All the leading facts were, as we have stated, proved in evidence, and it was also proved that there was no ground for supposing that any cattle had been poisoned by the natives, there being at the time a contagious malady raging which carried them off, nor was there the slightest ground for supposing that the wife of the accused had been poisoned. Amongst the witnesses called for the prosecution was Lucile, who gave an account of her sufferings, and stated that another female slave had been so inhumanly flogged upon the same absurd charge as that for which she herself was confined, that she died a few days afterwards. The cure of the commune stated that he had written a letter to M. Douillard, entreating him to release his slave, but that he had refused to do so. On being reproached by the president of the tribunal for not making further efforts in the cause of humanity, the cure replied that he did not feel that he had a right to interpose between master and slave. The mayor of the commune, who was called as a witness, admitted that he had been requested to interfere, but that he had not done so, as he considered that masters had a right to punish their slaves who offended, and he entered into long details about his own losses of cattle, which he also attributed to poison. The accused was defended by M. Grandpre, and the trial, which lasted several days terminated in a verdict of acquittal. As soon as the verdict was pronounced, the colonists, who were in the court rushed to M. Grandpre and shook hands with him with great warmth, and then conducted M. Douillard out of court in triumph. Almost immediately afterwards M. Douillard got into his cabriolet and drove through the streets of Pointe-a-Pitre, followed by his friends, amongst whom was the vice President of the Colonial Council. When the crowd arrived opposite to the house of the advocate of M. Douillard, they set up deafening shouts of "Vive Grandpre!"

Poems by a Slave in the Island of Cuba.

Translated from the Spanish, by Dr. Madden.—Ward and Co., London.

A volume of poems from the pen of a slave is a rare curiosity. It is one of the most interesting of things to find literature with all its high and humanising influences, cultivated by those who are scarcely looked on as human. By the advocates of liberty this book must be read with feelings of deep pleasure, for it is to them and their noble efforts to disenthral and elevate the persecuted negro, that much of the spirit and feeling which pervades this volume is owing. Dr. Madden has rendered the original Spanish into very sweet verse—but it would have been more satisfactory to the understanding, though not so grateful to the ear, if he had given more transalations of the originals, for we would thus be the better judges of their merit. The translator has only rendered a few—they seem to have more sentiment than description, and to refer more to mind than to matter. A strong religious feeling pervades them: and, as if the iron had entered into the poor negro poet's soul, allusions are continually made to the state of servitude.

In the appendix the reader will find some fearful accounts of slavery in Cuba. Dr. Madden has witnessed the effects of this curse of our race in every part of the world—in Asia, Africa, and America; but Cuba infinitely surpasses all in the number and severity of the evils of the slave trade. He says that on most of the sugar estates, for five or six months in the year, the slaves are often worked for twenty out of the twenty-four hours; and yet we hear persons say that the slaves are better off than the children in factories, or the labor population in general. Those who mitigate the enormous evils of slavery cannot have read anything of it, or disbelieve what is written. If slavery be such a delightful thing, why is rebellion perpetual among them?—why their frequent attempts to escape from their generous, kind-hearted taskmasters? Dr. Madden tells a very different tale, and whoever consults his harrowing appendix will see that slavery is the bitterest of draughts.

Freedom of the Press in Liberia.

The following extract is taken from a letter of H. Teage, editor of the Liberia Herald, to Judge Wilkeson, chief man in the Colonization Society. It seems that Mr. Teage had written an article in his paper, relative to slavery we presume, deemed offensive in this country; and received thereupon a gentle hint from Judge Wilkeson to be more careful. We recollect having seen an article of this kind in the Herald, and wondered at the freedom with which the editor spoke. Whether this was the article for which Mr. Teague was reprimanded, we know not—we think it probable. Here is the extract, however, from which we may infer that the 'peculiar institution' is as unfriendly to free discussion in Africa as in America. Mr. Teague confesses, that in common with other colored men, he holds 'certain sentiments,' but he is effectually silenced. And why should we think strange of this? Will the slaveholders, who virtually control the society, permit one word to be said in disparagement of their rights by a class of men, over whom they exercise the right of patrons?—*Philanthropist.*

"In regard to the offensive article to which your letter of 22d September alludes, I am happy in being able to say, most truly, that, in the press and hurry of other engagements, its tone and manner, and probable effects in America, altogether escaped my attention. The writer of the article, ever since he has been in the Colony, has been almost constantly in the Society's employment, and surely, if he is thus regarded and treated by the Society, if I had published it with its effect in America full in view, I might be supposed as merely joining my confidence to the confidence of others. As I will not regard your letter as dictatorial, but merely as advisory, in regard to the accomplishment of certain objects, and to prevent certain consequences, I beg to assure you that I shall do nothing that may operate unfavorably against my adopted country, or weaken the hands of its friends on either side of the great waters. In common with colored men, I have certain sentiments. These sentiments, however, as I do not think it proper to repress, reserving to myself, however, the right to enjoy my sentiments, and when justice and honor require it, to speak them out. I should be altogether unworthy of your confidence and respect, if I should at any time forget for a moment that this is my indefeasible right; or so base and mean-spirited as not to claim to exercise it whenever circumstances should demand it. The scheme of Colonization enjoys my highest confidence and respect, and the circumstances are not easily anticipated that would lead me to speak or write any thing that shall compromise it.

Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) H. TEAGE."

From the Herald of Freedom.

Excommunications.

These pro-slavery church developments are, in our view, of the very essence of anti-slavery action. We do not complain of them. We do not deprecate them. We hope they will go on. We trust Sectarian corporation will ferment, and effervesce, and work, till it casts every free spirit out at the corporate bung-hole! It has a right to do it. Self-preservation demands it—all the right, we mean, that belongs to such bodies. They can't live with free spirits within their pale. Free spirits can't live there. They must come out—and if they don't, they must be cast out. We want to witness a general disgorging throughout the land. We want the action of all those imprisoned hearts and minds in the anti-slavery movement—and we can't have them while they are incarcerated in Sect's prison-houses. They can't help the slave while they are lettered. Tiraldom can't work for Anti-slavery.

The treatment of our humble friend Flagg, for instance—as seen in his "cutting off" by his imperial "pastor," shows the dominion of the Sectarian Clergy, and the subservience of their flocks—(or herds.) Flagg's going into Mr. Burnham's study to admonish him, was as insolent a presumption as if a slave should enter the overseer's or master's office, and question the right of the cart-whip. Christ washed His disciples' feet. His haughty Pembroke *minister* spurns these disciples from his prescence, unless they come to submit themselves to him, and acknowledge their faults;—at least they must not reprove him, or speak on subjects he interdicts. Can anti-slavery principles be propagated in communities under such domination? Never. It must be broken up—if simple truth can do it. We hope our excommunication department will be well patronised. We invite our emancipated friends to send on their deliverances as fast as they occur. They are a hundred times more indicative of the advancement of our cause, than fugitive escapes to Canada—or than even emancipations of slaves by converted masters. Abandonment of Sect for the sake of anti-slavery, is a mighty indication. Spirits that are equal to that are prepared for decisive assaults on the slave system—and they will make them, battle-axe in hand. Let us hear of Sectarian expulsions from every quarter. They well become the columns of the HERALD OF FREEDOM. They are themselves *heralds of Freedom.*

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16, 1840.

The "Hanging Committee of the "Artists' Fund Society" doing homage to slavery.

MY BROTHER,—Robert Purvis, of this city, employed an artist of New Haven, Conn., Jocelyn, to paint a portrait of CINQUE, the chieftain of the Africans of the Amistad. The work was done, and the portrait has been in the city some weeks. The "Artists' Fund Society" have recently been fitting up their picture gallery for exhibition during the coming season. A member of that society requested of Mr. Purvis, the use of Cinques' portrait to hang in the gallery—not dreaming that any objection could be made to it, as the painting had, by the first artists of the country, been pronounced to be of the first order. Mr. Purvis cheerfully consented, and sent the portrait to the "hanging committee," whose business it is to arrange and hang the pictures around the gallery. After keeping it some ten days, the committee returned the portrait with the following note:

"Dear Sir,—The hanging committee have instructed me, most respectfully, to return the portrait which you kindly offered for exhibition—it being contrary to usage to display works of that character, believing that under the excitement of the times, it might prove injurious both to the proprietors and the institution.

"At the same time, I am instructed to return the thanks of the society for your tender of the use of so excellent a work of art.

Respectfully, &c.

J. NEAGLE.

Mr. Purvis.

April 14, 1841."

Why is that portrait denied a place in that gallery? Any objection to the *artist*? No. He has been recently elected an honorary member of the society; and, if I mistake not, this rejected portrait was the principal means of procuring him that honor—if honor it be. Any objection to the *execution*? No. The "hanging committee" themselves pronounce it an "excellent work of art." Those who are allowed to be judges in such matters rank it among the first portrait paintings of our country. Any objection to the *character* of Cinque? This could not be, for portraits of military heroes have been and are displayed in that gallery. He resisted those who would make him a slave by arms and blood. For doing this, did that committee exclude his portrait from their exhibition? Besides he has been pronounced guiltless in this deed by the highest tribunal of this country, and by the government of England. Was the portrait rejected because Cinque is a man in whom there is no interest? This could not be, for his name and his deeds have been heralded in every paper in this nation and in England—have stirred every heart and been the theme of every tongue. Though confined in a prison, he has been, the last eighteen months, an object of interest to the United States, to Spain, to England and to France. Cinque will continue to be an object of interest, and his name will be the watchword of freedom to Africa and her enslaved sons throughout the world.

Why then was the portrait rejected? Why? "Contrary to usage to display works of that character!" "The excitement of the times!" The plain English of it is, Cinque is a NEGRO. This is a Negro-*hating* and a negro-*stealing* nation. A slaveholding people. The negro-*haters* of the north, and the negro-*stealers* of the south will not tolerate a portrait of a negro in a picture gallery. And *such* a negro! His dauntless look, as it appears on canvass, would make the souls of slaveholders quake. His portrait would be a standing anti-slavery lecture to slaveholders and their apologists. To have it in the gallery would lead to discussions about slavery and the "inalienable" rights of man, and convert every set of visiters into an anti-slavery meeting. So "the hanging committee" bowed their necks to the yoke and bared their backs to the scourge, installed slavery as doorkeeper to the gallery, carefully to exclude every thing that can speak of freedom and inalienable rights, and give offence to men-stealers! Shame on them! Let the friends of humanity, of justice and right, remember them during the summer.

Had he looked into the future a little, J. Neagle would have sooner severed his hand from his body than have allowed it to sign his name to that note. Posterity will talk about him, when slavery is abolished, as it surely will be; and then all his fame, as an artist, will not save him from merited condemnation.

If Mr. Jocelyn is the man I think and hope he is, he will return his certificate of membership to the "Artist's Fund Society," counting it no honor to belong to a society that can perpetrate such meanness and outrage.

Thine,
H. C. WRIGHT.

A HUMBUG INDEED.—We have received a part of a sheet of paper containing eight resolutions, with a preamble, setting forth a proposition by George W. Scott, of somewhere, a colored man, to the colored people of this country, to emigrate to the Oregon country.

The same ground is set forth in the preamble and resolutions, always having been taken by all our enemies throughout the country, viz. that we cannot become an elevated people in this country. The proposition then proceeds to recommend the formation of an association of thirty persons, to correspond with the colored people throughout the country, with respect to their removal to the Oregon country, beyond the Rocky Mountains, among the Flatnead Indians—to petition Congress to set us off a tract of country, with institutions similar to those in the States, and subject to the general government.

This now is the veriest humbug that ever disturbed the brains of man, and we think must have very much disturbed the brains of the author. He had much better have saved his time, and his labor, his paper and the expense of printing. He certainly cannot expect anything more, than, like the mountain laboring to bring forth a mouse. Every effort of this kind, however silly and unreasonable, so short-sighted are our enemies, is made use of and wielded against us, and for a time has a bad effect. We pity the silliness of such men, and the folly of such efforts, and think it is high time for our people to settle down upon this soil, as firm as the mountains of the Andes, and seek to become and act like men.

Perhaps this is the movement, a glimpse of which the Executive Committee of the American Colonization Society seem to have got, and to which the Boston Recorder refers. If so, they ought to have remembered that he equally deprecates the influence of the Liberia Colonization Society, with the influence of the Abolitionists, denying either to have done any good. The truth with respect to the former, we admit, but with respect to the latter, we deny.

There is one thing worthy of remark, really funny in this proposition. It proposes to ask the Congress of the United States to set us off a tract of country BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, (he intends we shall have a little climbing to do,) *away down on the Pacific Ocean*, a region of country about which Congress cares but little, and for whose inhabitants they would be likely to do but little. This good friend must be exceedingly prejudiced to the whites, by his wanting to get so far from them. We really hope *wisdom will not die with him.—Colored American.*

PECULIAR HOAX.—The Boston Recorder, for April 16th, comes to hand by favor of a friend, bringing us the information of what purports to be the contemplated formation of a society, "by some of the free colored population of the country," "for the purpose of emigrating to LIBERIA." The article is an editorial, and says that the Executive Committee of the American Colonization Society had been so informed, and propose to take them to that *unparalleled spot* upon certain conditions therein mentioned.

The editor does not inform us, in what part of our country these colored people, about to form this most peculiar association, reside, nor whereabouts this *famous society* is to be located. But from the points from which they propose to take these *colored people*, for that colony of every thing that is good and great, rum, and powder, and war not excepted, we should think the society was to be *very extensive* in its operations, pervading our entire country, and embracing in it the colored people in every city, and town, and hamlet, North and South. Strange that we, living in New-York, whence they expect to ship the people, should have seen none of that *strange phenomena* among our people, none of the workings of that sudden change of mind among us, with regard to LIBERIA.

The truth is this, in our opinion, is a *very* GREAT HOAX, got up by Colonizationists for effect, a last shift to delude some, and thereby save a *sinking ship*. We are all, throughout the extent of this country, settled and invincible in our opinion, with regard to the American Colonization Society, and with the *Liberia humbug*; even the slave has his misgivings about it, and goes only as the only condition of freedom. Give him freedom on any other conditions, and he would accept it rather.

We presume, if the colored people of this country should organize any society, having any reference to Liberia, it would be to bring the people back; and there is some disposition for this, but none for the other, the Boston Recorder to the contrary notwithstanding; in which case, the day would not be distant when LIBERIA would become about depopulated.—*Colored American.*

FRIENDS' YEARLY MEETING.—The Yearly Meeting of (Orthodox) Friends is now in session at their meeting-house in Arch-street. On Second day afternoon, we learn, an excellent epistle, from the London Yearly Meeting, on the subject of slavery, was read, and gave occasion for many remarks. The subject of abstinence from slave produce was also introduced, and the duty was urged of giving more attraction to it than has heretofore been done. The tone of feeling in regard to slavery is said to evince an improvement upon that of former years, and it is hoped that a testimony will go forth from the meeting, which will tend to revive and quicken to increased activity, the slumbering anti-slavery feeling of this highly respectable and influential society.

We are pleased to hear that Joseph Sturge, of England, and John Candler, of Jamaica, known as active friends of the anti-slavery cause, are attending the meeting.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

Letter from W. O. Duvall.

PORT BYRON, APRIL 20, 1841.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

MY BROTHER,—Your paper of the 18th of March contained a letter from me, preferring, to use your own language, "heavy charges" against certain brethren in western New-York. These charges have been *repelled* by the brethren implicated in such a manner as to *impel* me to the necessity of rejoining. The *manner* of the COALITIONISTS in throwing those charges from them is as *novel* as it is *modest*. If the "charges" were really "heavy," it would seem that *modesty*, at least, would require that they should be repelled by *other testimony than their own*. But the plan is, that *each* of the *implicated brethren* is to clear himself by the *testimony of the others*. Setting aside *truth* and *modesty*, and certainly this is an admirable way of "*doing up*" things of this kind. Had Sir John Fallstaff lived in the present age, he would have learned a lesson which would have been useful to *him* and all others engaged in his kind of business. Had he sent Bardolph, Peto or Gadshill, in advance to *herald* the "*statement of facts*" which he was about to make to his Eastcheap companions, as our friend Jackson has P. D. Hathaway, who knows but he might have succeeded in convincing Hal and Poins, that his "doublet was pierced," his "sword hacked," and his face and garments besmeared with blood, *in actual fight with the "robbers?"* Who knows but he would have made his declaration, *i. e.*, "that he would swear truth out of England, but he would make them believe it." true, had he possessed the forethought of *heralding* the *truthfulness* of his "*statement of facts?*" I have but a very few words to say to the letter of *P. D. Hathaway*. It is composed of "*apprehensions*" and *assertions*. With his "*apprehensions*" I have nothing to do; with some of his assertions I have, and I here, in the most solemn manner, pronounce his assertions relative to my "applying" to him and his friends at Northville, "all the most odious epithets I could think of," and that I "declared my intention of breaking up the convention unless it would accede to my terms," to be WHOLLY, ABSOLUTELY, AND UNQUALIFIEDLY FALSE, WITHOUT SHADOW OF FOUNDATION IN TRUTH. J. C. Jackson, J. C. Hathaway, and Wm. C. Rogers, "differed with" me as far as the polls; let them point out by *non-implicated* witnesses, *one* "*epithet*" that I bestowed upon either of them, if they can. When P. D. Hathaway was loud-mouthed in proclaiming himself "*a whig*," declaring it to be the "*duty* of every one qualified, to use his elective franchise," and at the same time confessed that "*he* did not vote at the late election," notwithstanding his "*duty*" and "qualification" in the matter, I *did say*, that, from his own showing, he was neither "more or less" than a "*recreant whig*." I now repeat the assertion, that *P. D. Hathaway is nothing but a recreant whig*. And here I wish to say to P. D. Hathaway and all his *admirers*, that when they prove him to be an *abolitionist*, I pledge myself to prove *by the same philosophy*, that R. R. Gurley, Alexander Proudfit, and Thurlow Weed, are *abolitionists*. I also remember saying relative to the conduct of James Cannings Fuller, at the meeting above named, that, "as a presiding officer of a public meeting, he was actually a public nuisance," and I assert that this is the "head and front" of my offending by way of epithets, and as my friend, Joseph C. Hathaway says, "*my present opinion*" is, that what I said with regard to both of these gentlemen, is *religiously true*.

I now proceed to notice the "STUBBORN FACTS" of my kind and humorous friend, J. C. Hathaway, than whom *slavery has no greater foe*, nor *the despoiled slave no better friend*. He is too good a man to be permitted to occupy a bad position, such as he is now *ridiculously* placed in. At all events, he shall not have it in his power on his dying bed to rebuke me for not warning him to flee the pit which arch deceivers had dug for him. In answer to my first charge, (which, by the way, is the "heaviest" of all,) he says—"In '*beating up*' for the Le Roy Convention, to my certain knowledge, 'NO THIRD PARTY' was the motto which was placed at the head of 480 hand-bills, in large capitals, and also at the head of our notices of the series of meetings published in the Union Herald." This is strictly true, and as my name was attached to those "hand-bills," an explanation of the circumstances is due to myself.—When brothers Jackson and Rogers, were on their way to Farmington, in the latter part of October, *I think*, I accidentally fell in with them at Waterloo, as I was going to Penn Yan. They there informed me of their intention of getting up a series of "volunteer meetings" in Western New-York, and urged me to make one of their number.—Though I approved of their plans, and rejoiced that Western New-York was to be their field, and earnestly wished them success, and cheerfully consented that my name might be attached to the "call," yet, from ill health alone, I was obliged to positively refuse a compliance with their wishes, so far as my *services* were concerned. The brethren went on to Farmington, and were there but a few days, before I received a warm letter from brother Jackson, urging me to come and join the "breaking up team" in person, if my health would in any way permit. I thought it my duty to refuse this strong appeal, and did so, sorrowing sincerely that I could not gratify my old friends in the cause of emancipation. As soon as an answer could arrive from Farmington, I received another letter, couched in Jackson's "*warmest style*," commanding me (not exactly in the name of the Continental Congress, &c.,) in a good humored way, to appear at the house of our mutual friend Hathaway, on or before the 8th day of November instant. To this appeal I gave way, and was on the spot "according to law."—When I arrived, I found them earnestly engaged in directing those "480 handbills," alluded to by brother Hathaway, and which to my utter astonishment, were headed "no third party!" To this heading I at once objected, and refused to have my name attached to anything of the kind.—My objection was met by the brethren in this wise. This heading is as obnoxious to *us*, William, as it is to you, but we have been driven to it from *actual necessity*. Such is the prejudice in Western New-York against this "*third party*," produced in a great degree by Chaplin and Holley, that neither *audiences* nor *houses* can be obtained without this device. We shall wage no war against the "third party," but shall pursue *the good old way*, in which *all abolitionists* can harmonize. Knowing that Western New-York abolitionism was of the *whig type*, and aware of the existence of the "prejudice" alluded to, I at once acquiesced in the *plan*, and off we started in our friend Isaac Hathaway's good old Quaker carriage, "this side up, with care." I attended nine meetings with the brethren, participated in getting up the Le Roy Convention, was pressed with the kind manner in which our "third party" brethren were treated, and indulged the fond hope that henceforth *peace* would be the order of the day among the abolitionists in Western New-York. I had reason to indulge in such anticipations, for wherever we met a "*third party*" brother, the same *apology* for thus heading our "hand-bills" was made, and the same story told to me, at my friend's, J. C. Hathaway. I understand that the same *apology* and *course of reasoning* were *used* to Gideon Ramsdell, another signer of that "hand-bill." I parted parted with the brethren at Mount Morris, on the 10th of December, expecting to meet them again at the Le Roy Convention. Had my health permitted me to have gone, I should have opposed that address, and charged the brethren with *falsehood and deceit*, for they had deceived *me* as well as the "*third party*" folks. And now, Mr. Editor, as you have triumphantly said, "Before Israel and the sun, let the question be decided—without concealment, without compromise, is our motto." I take the liberty of asking you the following questions: Did not your *judgment* and *feelings* coincide with mine *at that time*, relative to the heading of these "hand-bills?" And did you not "*take the responsibility*" of STRIKING IT OFF, in publishing the notices in the Standard? And did you not forthwith direct a letter to J. C. Jackson, at York, Livingston County, *stating your reasons for so doing?* And did not *that letter* contain "a good piece of advice" to brother Jackson relative to his engaging in any "third party" war? And did he not answer yours just received from York? and IF HE EVER DID resign his commission of Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, did not *that letter* contain said resignation? And finally, DID J. C. Jackson (as our friend J. C. Hathaway has declared since the commencement of this controversy,) *actually resign* his commission? and if so, how happens it that so prominent a member of the Executive Committee as W. M. Chase, should be ignorant of the fact? for I see *his* recent letter of resignation is directed to J. C. Jackson, Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. My brother, I trust you have not paraded your motto on this occasion for nothing, and that you are *really* in favor of "no concealment, no compromise." If you are, you can throw a world of light on this *dark* subject.

I pass over the replies of brother Hathaway to my other charges, deeming them of little importance. I understand him to *concede the absurdity* of their "*no third party conventions.*" He thinks that the *extension* of his new platform sufficiently to receive *slaveholders*, exists "only in my imagination." I would it were so. But I contend that their platform, as expressed in "No. 2," of the Le Roy resolutions, will take in the slaveholder—not only by that resolution, but by the declaration of J. C. Jackson, publicly at Northville. In speaking on the subject in that convention, he said, "All who go the doctrine, that slavery is a sin and ought immediately to be abolished, have a right to be fellowshipped as *abolitionists*." When Jackson had taken his seat, Samuel C. Cuyler arose, and put the following question to Jackson: "What do you mean by the phrase, 'go the doctrine?'" Jackson arose, and said, "All who admit the sin." Then said Cuyler, 'If a slaveholder should *admit with his lips* the sinfulness of slavery and the *duty* of emancipation, whatever his practice may be, he is entitled to admission on the anti-slavery platform!" "Yes," said Jackson, boldly; and before either could say more, James Cannings Fuller, the chairman, perceiving the dilemma that Jackson was getting in, flew upon his feet and declared Cuyler out of order, and in a very "UNPARLIAMENTARY" style went on to extricate his friend from his grossly apparent dilemma.

Perhaps, as this is mere "*hearsay*" testimony, it wants point. I am ashamed of this "*long article.*" It is the first I ever perpetrated upon the public. God willing, it shall be the last. I shall conclude, by saying to my brethren, that in the fall of 1838, by a system of *false philosophy*, in the mouths of *false friends*, I was induced to sacrifice my abolition upon the *altar of whiggery*. I very soon found, however, that my *character* and *influence* had gone with my *conduct*—and they had *all* gone to the *devil for the benefit of slavery*. This act taught me this lesson:—That it is utterly impossible to *sacrifice principle*, without at the same time sacrificing *character* and *influence* among the adherents of truth and virtue.

W. O. DUVALL.

Letter from Jamaica.

KINGSTON, March 16, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—In my last, I gave you a brief sketch of the present condition of the island. In this, I shall speak of the entire absence of prejudice here, on account of color. The grand revolution in public opinion has surprised many. In religion, in education, and in every thing, the colored and black people have made such a rapid progress that there is no longer a doubt with the intelligent, that they can be raised to the highest offices in Church and State. Twelve years ago, who would have thought that Jamaica would tolerate such a thing as a colored or black assemblyman, magistrate, vestryman, or church-warden! None. What a change freedom has made! In all the parishes, the colored and black men have some office, and very often the highest in the gift of the people. The Assembly of the island is composed of 45 members, five of whom are colored. (I have been informed that the number of colored was much larger.) The following parishes are represented by colored members: St. James, John Manderson, Esq.; St. Andrews, Robert Osborn, Esq.; Kingston, Edward Jordan, Esq. (the liberal and talented editor of the Morning Journal, the best conducted journal in Jamaica); Port Royal, James Taylor, Esq.; Westmoreland, Charles Lake, Esq. In this parish, two-thirds of the members of the common council are colored and black, and an equal proportion of the magistrates. The majority of the office-holders are colored and black. I am informed by a friend, that one-fifth of the vestrymen and church-wardens in the island are colored.—Nor is Jamaica deficient in colored lawyers, merchants, doctors, &c.

Some of the best lawyers and some of the most enterprising merchants are colored; and one of the best physicians (Dr. Scott) is a colored gentleman. To a colored person like myself, born in America, (Georgia) these things must appear strange. Go to the legislative halls, to the vestry meetings, to the Governor's and Mayor's balls, and to the private parties and entertainments of the most respectable—to the political meetings—to the churches—and you will see white and colored united. With what surprise must the late Rev. Isaiah G. Degrasse (peace to his memory) of your city, when he was preaching in St. Michael's Church, have seen around him more than one thousand people, (nearly one-half the richest white people in the city,) and he a colored man, while not the least symptoms of displeasure were manifested. They were rather elated at his eloquent discourses. Indeed, I have heard it stated by a member of the legislature, that the arch-deacon of the island was about to introduce him to the Governor, for the important situation of island curate, at $1,800 per annum!—What a contrast with his own country. No wonder he had left his native land in disgust, and had made up his mind to become a citizen of Her Majesty's island. But it has pleased the Almighty to call him, in the beginning of his brilliant career, to his everlasting home, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Often have I wished that Col. Stone, Dr. Bangs, or some of those Americans affected with that dreadful anti-christian disease called *prejudice*, would come out here and spend a few months, to see the difference (if nothing else) between the Jamaicans and themselves; and, if they like, to teach us the folly of setting 300,000 people free, to cut their masters' throats, and keeping them in a country where they can never be raised in their social and political condition with the whites. Why don't David Hale, R. R. Gurley, and Dr. Spring come here to teach us the exceeding sinfulness of having a church without a "negro pew"?

In my last tour through the island, I have been astonished at the reception I received from the ministers of the different denominations, magistrates, merchants, planters and others. I was almost daily invited to take breakfast or dinner, or to spend a few days at their estates. I was obliged to decline some of these invitations, on account of the short stay I made in some parishes. The principal topic of conversation was generally American slavery and prejudice. The Americans were spoken of as the greatest hypocrites under the sun; professing to be the freest people on the earth, and holding nearly three millions of people in the most abject slavery. I trust I have shown you that no prejudice exists here on account of color, but only on account of condition.

I am, sir, your ob't. servant,
HENRY W. DAVISON.

Letter from J. C. Jackson.

LYNN, (Mass.) April 19, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have seated myself to write you a line this morning. I find our friends all well in this old Commonwealth, and truly glad am I to see them once more. Things look well here. What a noble band of abolitionists old organization has in this State! Truly it may be said of them, they have been weighed in the balance of Freedom, and found trust-worthy. I have spoken three times since I landed at the city—twice at Wrentham, to fulfil an appointment of Garrison's, and once (last evening) at this village. I had at both places fine audiences. I am going a "chase journey" up and down this and some other counties, to do what I can in the way of stirring up the people to attend the annual meeting. There seems to be a goodly determination on the part of hundreds. I think we shall have a good delegation from this State. If our Pennsylvania friends will only turn out, and those of other States in proportion, we shall have a good meeting.

How come on our friends I. T. H., J. S. G. and C. M.? Tell those brethren to stand *firm*. Do not let them falter. It is in the slave's stead they stand. He it is, not they, that Rose and Hester street meetings hate. It is the spirit of slavery with which they are contending, and they must not give back. It will not be at all strange if some good but weak friends should propose a reconciliation. I should admire such a thing. Reconciliation among brethren is to be desired always; it is demanded by the Bible and by common sense; but it is not right to be reconciled at the expense of one's manhood, one's liberty, one's conscience. It is wrong to ask for or seek a reconciliation at the expense of truth or of human rights. I see no way for those dear brethren to do, but to stand *firm*, and be glad and rejoice at the fact that they are persecuted for righteousness' sake.—Is it not one of the best evidences of their faithfulness, that they are thus hunted? Verily, in this they are treated like their Divine Master, and it is enough for the "servant that he be as his Lord." Let them not think that it is better to be reconciled to man at the cost which their respective meetings demand, than it is to be *excommunicated*. I know that this is a fearful word in a Quaker's ear. It comes upon him like the knell of his fate, and therefore it is that I am glad that *these* are they upon whom the axe is to fall. God grant them the grace to remember that the slave is *his* representative, and that he who loveth father or mother more than *him*, is not *worthy of him*. If they stand undauntedly, the sacrifice will not be finished when *they* are offered up. More victims will be decked for the "fire bridal." More of the servants of Jesus will hear the cracklings of the furnace, as its heat glows seven times hotter than is wont. More will have the chance of testifying by their fruits their love for God's truth over and above their love for sectarism.—Tell them to hold on. They must not flinch. It were better to die than to yield. This movement in the city of N. York is doing good. It is rejoicing many a heart. When sectarianism consents to play "headsman" to slavery, and to decapitate all who cannot say Shibboboth rightly or to its taste, then is our hour of triumph drawing nigh. Strike up an union between these two miserable monsters—those foes to civil and religious freedom—and the act is productive of eventual defeat to both. Make the alliance *offensive* and defensive, and the day is ours. Bind slavery to defend sect, and sectarism to defend slavery, and we can scoop out their graves in a hurry. It is fast coming to this. Let us be patient, steady, undaunted. Give them a chance to negotiate and conclude such a treaty, and then, from every hillock and bush, ravine and mountain fastness, shall spring up a host armed in the panoply of God, and such shall be the contest, and such the result, as to gladden the hearts of millions. Sectarianism shall wish herself accursed, in that she was so duped as to bind herself to be offended at every thing at which Madam Slavery might choose to take as an *insult*, and to be under an obligation to contend with every body with whom slavery might choose to pick a quarrel.—Let them work! Our New-York friends need but stand still and see the salvation of God.

By the way. Have you read John Pierpont's letters to N. P. Rogers? I am ready to exclaim with Rogers, I *admire* the man no longer. I *love* him now. How consoling, how encouraging, how frank, how full of *truth!* Ah! this is sympathy, this is religion, this is the spirit of brotherly love. Why, those two letters can make up for the defection of a good many brethren. They will fill the places of Whittier, and Cartland, and Wright, and Phelps; yea, more, they will furnish us evidence of his sincerity, inasmuch as they were were written at a time when many were deluding themselves that they were right in withholding from Rogers their sympathy, and active assistance. John Pierpont, thou hadst a name among men, for thy efforts against intemperance and sectarianism. Thou art now marshalled among the sturdy foes of slavery. These letters are the evidences of thy enlistment, of thy determination not to *sympathise* merely with Freedom's body-guard, but to make one of the number. I regard those letters as proofs of the fact that the war is becoming more close, more severe, and is, from its severity, beginning to fill up a space in the public eye long unoccupied. The foolish determination of the pro-slavery churches to excommunicate (that is a long word, to say the least,) all those who will not consent to be dumb, is doing more for old organization than any thing else. The battle lies under the shadows of "God's temples," (so called,) and the victory will be won for Freedom within their walls.

Yours,
J. C. JACKSON.

Tales of Oppression.

No. XIX.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

Wagelma, a colored lad about ten years old, was bound by his mother in Philadelphia to Peter de Boudee, a Frenchman, as apprentice, till he should be twenty-one years old. De Boudee being about to remove part of his family to Baltimore, from whence they were to take passage for France, in order to send the boy there with his wife, in the 8th month 1801, put him on board the Newcastle packet. De Boudee had not obtained the consent of the boy, nor that of his mother, agreeably to the requisition of the act of 1780.

The mother of the boy was ignorant of his intentions until the boat was about to leave the wharf, when she communicated the circumstance to me. It was early in the morning, a little after sunrise. I hastened to the wharf where the Newcastle boat commonly lay; but, upon arriving there, I saw her in the stream, under way, with a gentle breeze.

I immediately mounted a fleet horse, and proceeded to Greenwich Point, about three miles below the city, and in about 20 minutes arrived there. A ferry was kept at this place by a widow, Elizabeth Marshall, a highly respectable woman with whom I had long been acquainted. I made known to her my business, and requested that she would order one of her ferrymen to put me on board the boat, to rescue the lad, with which she readily complied.—The boat was in sight, and near turning the point, but as the wind was not quite fair, she was near the Jersey shore. No time was to be lost, and we set off for the packet. On reaching her, the hands supposed I wanted to go to Baltimore, and the captain ordered them to assist me in getting on board, upon which I made known to him my business, and inquired for the boy. He referred me to the cabin. Upon entering it, I found my visit anticipated by De Boudee, who was there with six or eight of his friends. I opened the business to him, and informed him that the lad must be restored to his mother—that the laws of Pennsylvania did not permit him to be taken out of the State, without certain preliminaries which had not been complied with. He put the laws at defiance, as he expected soon to be out of their reach. The vessel was gliding gently down the river, and I began to think it was probable that I should be obliged to make a trip, though very unwillingly, to Newcastle. I called the captain into the cabin, and requested that he would order the boy to be put on board the ferry-boat, which was lying along-side of the packet, ready to receive us; but he was not disposed to render me any assistance. I pulled a small volume out of my pocket containing the laws of Pennsylvania, and of some of the other States, as well as those of the United States, on the subject of slavery, the slave trade, &c. I read to him the clause in relation to removing colored people out of the State, circumstanced as this lad was. He became alarmed, and ordered the boy to be given up, upon which I directed him to go on deck, with which he promptly complied. The Frenchman became very clamorous, and threatened violence. The men in the small boat assisted the little fellow to get into it. As soon as this was observed by De Boudee and his friends, they attempted to throw me overboard, and as there were so many of them, I thought it likely they would accomplish their object; but I was determined not to go alone, and I seized one of the company by the coat. They laid hold of my hand and compelled me to let go my grasp, when I would immediately lay hold of another, and in this way we spent some minutes—the man in the boat witnessing the conflict. They several times struck me on the hand with their canes. At length, the man in the small boat let her drop a little back, when I suddenly let go my hold of the Frenchman, and was thrown over the side of the packet and fell into the ferry-boat, after which we made the best of our way to the shore.

The animal I rode refused to carry us both, for upon the boy being put on his back behind me, the beast became perfectly unmanageable, and I was obliged to put him off, and he trotted along-side of me all the way to Philadelphia.

When I arrived at my house with the lad, I found his mother waiting for my return with the most intense anxiety. The meeting was mutually joyous to the mother and the son, and it was really amusing to hear the little fellow give his mother an account of my encounter with the Frenchmen. To witness the great joy those people manifest on such occasions I have often thought was an ample reward for all the difficulty, and sometimes bodily harm, that I encountered in rescuing them from their unrighteous oppressors.

Wagelma was a likely intellig

pit in the very front of the bloated distillers, rolling in the wealth of Cœsus, heaped up from the manufacture of moral pestilence and human misery. The purple cheeked nobility came at him with all the inflammatory redress of their vocation, and bid him keep silence. It only enkindles higher his moral indignation, and he waxes bold as Paul at the daring attempt to fetter his free speech. The Rum nobles appeal to the surrounding pulpits—the *clerical* "public sentiment" for protection—while they ply their wealth to undermine and buy out his capacious meeting-house and his ministry. "Public sentiment" assembles in ecclesiastical council, the pulpit meanwhile keeping ominous silence all about. Where is Channing at this emergency? Why don't he come out with a *letter* to some mighty Doctor of Divinity—some clerical *Clay*, on the soundness of pulpit freedom? Does Pierpont's temperance rashness alarm him? Does he apprehend it will prove an overmatch for the patience of the age? Does he "take a little wine himself for the stomach's sake," or to renew his strength and spirits after some great intellectual prostration? We really would not conjecture that he did—for we never have heard a breath of rumor of it. It is all prudence and conservatism, perhaps—mingled with due disapproval of ultraism in temperance as well as in the other "exciting topics" of the day, which his highly gifted friend lacks philosophy to refrain his foot from. So the intellectual Hercules keeps quiet. We look upon his quiet as an illustration of his character. Let him rest. Pierpont will inherit alone the glory of his *victory*. We say his victory, for he will assuredly triumph—and Channing will share as little in the renown of anti-slavery. He will intermeddle as little with the wreathes that embay the temples of Garrison as of Pierpont. He hangs upon the skirts of the moral battle-field, and casts ever and anon his shadow and his night chills on the bright fervors of the moral conflict. We trust, by the way, that all the conservatism and time-serving of the day, will be alarmed and roused to malignant action against Pierpont. It will bring forth his powers for the truth. He is not a fanatic—he is not an ultraist. It will take a storm of persecution to make him a reformer. He has genius and spirit, and he could not keep them down. He had probably no idea of disturbing the times, as he has done. Vice ventured impudently to set up her manufactories right before his eyes. He did not consider why he should have prudently regarded the wealth and respectability that were before him, and the lenient temper of the age toward every thing but faithfulness and reformation. He broke out upon them in spontaneous indignation—and yet, to a very limited, and we might say, deficient extent. He touched lightly and rarely—but his light touches felt heavy. His spear has a lightning point to it, and where it *touches* it *wounds*, and with an infliction that is loth to heal. Had any body else done a good deal more, it had probably been felt a good deal less, and been much more readily forgotten. But it was Pierpont that did it, and in Pierpont's way, and it could neither be forgotten nor forgiven. It stirred up a hornet's nest against him, and we hope they will never get quiet again, and that he never will *subside*. The age demands his warfare, and we trust the enemy will provoke it to the utmost. Anti-slavery has shared his sympathy—they growl at him for that. He has not touched it like Channing, with his spear's handle, but with its blade and sharp point. They find no fault with Channing's anti-slavery, after they understand it. They find him at times in bad company and mistake him from that—but they soon learn him better. We hope Pierpont will yet enlist deeply with us. We should rejoice to see him doffing his literary, his poetic, his pulpit honors, and serving on foot in the open field, like Jackson and the Hathaways, and Rogers in New-York—and the Pillsburys and Fosters in New-Hampshire—the very Marions and Sumpters of the anti-slavery revolution. We should glory to see JOHN PIERPONT lecturing in a district school-house upon a handfull of "the lower classes of the people"—the salt of the putrid land. We won't solicit him to come there. We won't solicit any body. Anti-slavery don't stoop to solicit. But we would have a fancy to see him there—a shout would go up from our handful ranks, like that of Surrey's men, when Marmion's falcon banner was first seen flying in among them at Flodden Field—or is this fancy? Would they not rather see him come among them silently, calmly—with welcome truly—but without shouting—the enemy not hearing a noise in their camp, as the Philistines did in the camp of the Hebrews, when they brought the ark among them?

The anti-slavery service is to be sought. It does not "go begging." It asks not distinguished warriors. It is a nursery of heroes. They sprout in it. They are heroes of peculiar mould. They are not of this age. Other times will be like them, and appreciate them. They are misapprehended and disregarded now. But they heed not this. They have meat to eat that the world knows not of, and while it stares with wonder at their senseless and aimless career, they look down in amazement at the vain show and idle pursuit of the world, and marvel that it can content itself after *nothing*. The world deems anti-slavery mad—anti-slavery *knows* the world is mad. We are despised by pulpit, politician and press, and public sentiment at large. It all does not move us. We don't seem to be aware of it. We have lost our sensibility to public estimation. Anti-slavery has cut us off from the public, as the great gulf cuts off Abraham from——the regions that lie beyond it. The division has left us with humanity, the Bible, God, salvation, on the same side with us. The world will find the "rich man" and his destiny inseparably set off by it to them.

But we close our *fanatical* article.

The Annual Meeting.

We trust the *living* friends of the slave will meet each other, as many as can, to congratulate and encourage each other on the mercy of God during the year. We have no new organization to anticipate as we had last year, though diversity of minds and free debate may not be unexpected. Anti-slavery is free and independent. It is individual. It does not merge personality or individuality in the organized mass. It agrees, when it agrees at all, not by servile following or preconcert, but spontaneously—and is an agreement of rights and of hearts rather than of speculative opinions that constitutes its harmony. New England will be represented as fully as the times will admit, we hope—and that the West will improve its railroads and steamers to come down in ample force upon the city of the Plain.—Broadway Tabernacle is, if we know it, a genteel place of uniting—more central, and convenient, and pleasant, we hope, than the quarters provided last year by the transferring Committee. We hope no abolitionist, by the by, will buy a single volume of the old Society's books, which the appropriating committee have advertised for sale. Let them all perish where they are, rather than countenance the appropriation by the purchase of a farthing's worth. Let slaveholders buy them if they will. If not, let them remain. This is our feeling—speaking only for one.

Novel Views of Education.

Some time since, a friend placed in our hands a copy of a paper published in Wilson county, Tennessee, entitled, "The Literary and Miscellaneous Magazine." The principal subject discussed in its columns is *Education*; and truly, the paper itself furnishes abundant evidence that a portion of the people in that region are in a state of ignorance which emphatically appeals to the sympathies of the benevolent for more "light." There is hardly an apprentice in a country printing office, in any of the free States, who would not blush to see his name appended to a sheet of such a shabby appearance, and so full of literary and typographical blunders. Here is an article which can be viewed in no other light than as a *literary* curiosity! The schoolmaster is certainly abroad at the South!

DEAR SIR:—Two numbers of your Literary and Miscellaneous Magazine, reached me while I was prostrated by a severe billious fever—I have examined their contents, and do bid you God speed in your noble work.

The *education* of the rising generation ought to be the supreme object of every philanthropist. How any man calling himself a christian, can neglect so important a duty, is to me criminal in the sight of God. To see a parent, raising a family in a state of ignorance, when it is within his power to educate them, or neglect to send them to school, when they can be educated, proves he has little or no idea of the value of character. The old adage, that "ignorance is the mother of vice," is often verified. It is not only the duty, but the interest and happiness, of every good man to have every son and daughter of Adam educated. I say every one. Let me here relate a conversation I heard from a credible gentleman. In one of the Eastern states where a tax is levied upon every man, to raise a fund for general education, a rich miserly man, met with his neighbor, who boasted of his son's progress in the free schools, said unto him, "do you think it is right that I should be taxed to educate another man's child" The poor man answered yes, sir, it is right you should: pray, sir, said the miser, how can this be? The poor man replied, do you not pay a tax to punish them that violate the laws of the State? He answered, I do, but what has this to do with my educating your son? The poor man replied, if my son is raised up in ignorance, he may rob you of all your treasures, or take your life to get them; therefore, said he, it is your duty, your interest, and ought to be a source of happiness to you to educate all around you. The miser saw his error, and complained no more of being taxed to educate the poor.

Some may say, you have said it is a duty to educate *every* son and daughter of Adam. Do you mean by this, our slaves should be educated? I answer YES. But the objecter replies, is it our interest to do so? or would it be our happiness? Most assuredly, I answer, if it was not for those fanatical men in these United States, called abolitionists, the greatest *enemies* the poor slave has. While such men are allowed to trample upon the authority of God, in stirring up envy and every evil work, among the slaves, they cannot be educated as they ought to be. If it is the wish of the good citizens, of the free states, to see the slaves educated, let them prove their sincerity by silencing these enemies to good order. It is within the power of the free States to put this wheel in motion. I mean the education of slaves. If I am asked how this is to be done, I answer; let them enact laws prohibiting any citizens within the State, from meddling with the subject of slavery. If their Constitution will not admit of such laws, let it be altered or amended.

Permit me here to suggest to you, my views more fully. Suppose the *Free states* are *sincere* in seeing the condition of the slaves elevated? Let them then enact laws with such penalties as will prohibit any of our slaves deserting us, and entering into or remaining in any of those States—punishing every man and woman that would seduce a slave from his master or mistress, or harbor them. Let the law make it the duty of every citizen to report to some legal authority, the entrance of any colored person into the State that they may be secured until the Governor can give notice to the Governor of the slaveholding State of such a slave having unlawfully entered their State.* Then there would be no desertion, and the slave would be contented, and the master would find it to be his duty and happiness to elevate the mind of his slave, so far at least as to understand the English language. Those slaves now among us that distinguish themselves by improving their minds, and attending to their duty as servants, are often emancipated. There is not a doubt in my mind if the masters were left at liberty to educate their slaves so far as to make them acquainted with their duties as enjoined on them in the word of God, they would be more obedient and happy than any set of people on the earth.† For it is said by the Holy Spirit, "Godliness, with contentment, is great gain, for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." "And having food and raiment, let us therewith be content."

But what says the same unerring Spirit to the abolitionist? Hear him, reader.—"LET as many servants as are under the yoke, (what yoke but slavery?) count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believing masters, let them not dispise them, because they are brethren; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit. These THINGS TEACH AND EXHORT. If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, EVEN THE WORDS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness; he is proud, *knowing nothing*, but doating about questions and strifes of words whereof cometh envy, strife, railing, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and DESTITUTE OF THE TRUTH, supposing that gain is godliness: from such withdraw thyself."

Now I will appeal to every man of common sense, if this is not the character and fruit of abolitionism. We therefore say to them, you are trampling upon the authority of Heaven, for the word LET, is a word of command, as is evident in the creation of all things.

While I was supposed to be approaching the gate of death, in my recent sickness, this was the only thing that gave me a shadow of uneasiness—the education of my slaves. By the help of God, I will make an effort to educate the young ones ere long.

I rejoice to inform you that the subject of popular education will be taken into consideration by the citizens of King and Queens county, on the ninth day of this month, agreeable to notice given before your paper reached me.—The result of this meeting, I will endeavor to communicate to you.

Respectfully yours, &c.

THOMAS M. HENLEY.

*It may be said this is tyranny, to prohibit a rational being from trying to better his condition. But stop, my friend, the law of Virginia prohibits every free man and woman that is a pauper from going from the county in which they live to another; if they do, the county from which they go is made to pay the expenses of sending them back! Is this tyranny!

†If intelligence or knowledge is a source of happiness, as it no doubt is, to them that make a proper use of it, surely every good master would be happier to see around him all his servants intelligent, useful and happy.

Old-fashioned Abolitionism.

The following resolutions were passed, some time since, at an anti-slavery meeting in Acton, Mass. The language included in marks of quotation, was taken from a speech made by Rev. J. T. Woodbury of that town, in the New-England Anti-Slavery Convention in 1836. He afterwards sent in his adhesion to the clerical appeal faction, and is now one of the "new organized."

1. Resolved, That 'the church is selling indulgences for sin—THE WORST OF SINS—THE SIN OF MAN-STEALING;' that 'the church, that does not pronounce slavery a sin, and deal with its members who refuse to confess and forsake it, in effect *licenses slavery*,' and 'stands as the virtual *endorser* of the *crime*;' that 'if men are robbed of the Bible, and of all knowledge of letters—if parents are punished as felons for teaching their own children the alphabet, *and the church does nothing*, then ☞ *the Church by its silence* ENDORSES it, *and declares* IT IS ALL RIGHT;' that 'if the church here (at the North) can be indifferent to the buying and selling of church members, (at the South), *they would be indifferent if JESUS CHRIST himself were a slave, and bought and sold by professing Christians*;' and that 'well might the heathen say, God defend us from such Christianity.'

2. Resolved, therefore, That as 'this is the naked view of the subject, stripped of all disguises,' here is '*the first stone to be turned, and it must be turned in the Church*;'—and 'if the church does not interfere, if it does not punctually and faithfully exercise its right of correcting such abuses, then IT IS DEAD, *while it has a name to live*;' that 'of all we can do here, nothing will be felt so much as' the withdrawal of Christian fellowship from the slaveholder; that 'other measures may reach the *interest* of the slave-master—may touch his *feet*—but *this touches his head and his heart*;' and that as he has 'entrenched himself in the church,' it is the duty of abolitionists to follow him to his chosen refuge, and faithfully to expose his crimes, and the guilt of those who are endeavoring to shield him from rebuke.

"So they Wrap it up!"

The Rev. W. C. Crane, one of the editors of the Western Baptist, gives the following explanation of the circumstances under which the Alabama Baptist Association became the proprietors of the body and soul of a man whom they recognize as a minister of Christ! We append a few words in the form of notes.

In the N. H. Baptist Register of 11th of March, there was published a letter from Rev. John Peck, written originally for the N. Y. Baptist Register, (Utica,) in which allusion is made to a colored ministering brother, belonging to the *Elim Baptist Church*, seven miles from this place, (Montgomery, Ala.) Brother Peck remarked as follows: "I saw in this place (Montgomery) a minister brother belonging to the church—*Cæsar Blackmoor*, who is owned by the Alabama Association." The editor of the N. H. Baptist Register has commented on this letter, and inquires, "How is this? a ministering brother owned by the *Alabama Baptist Association!* Some among us have doubted the right of Associations even expressing by a resolution, their views of human freedom, but this body goes even so far as *own* as property a ministering brother." The paper containing this comment was sent to us, and without designing to admit the right of being questioned concerning what may be peculiar to southern society, (1) we will, merely for the sake of setting this matter in its proper light, answer the Register's question. During the life-time of Rev. James McLemore, and while he was Moderator of the Alabama Association, he circulated a subscription paper among the churches, and obtained a sufficient sum of money to buy Cæsar's freedom, and allow him to labor exclusively in the ministry. (2) But inasmuch as it was illegal for him to remain here, a freeman, (3) the Association assumed the character of *master* for him, (4) in the eyes of the law, and appointed three trustees (one of whom, Dr. A. B. McWhorter, is a member and deacon of the Montgomery church,) by whom his conduct and movements should be supervised. (5) Cæsar is a carpenter by trade, (6) and from his earnings has saved a small sum, which is placed to his credit and for his use alone, in the Treasury of the Association. We will further state that no free negro can remain in this State without a trustee. (7) We are trustees for one or two under this law, who are members of the Baptist church. Presuming that our views are known to the Baptists of Alabama, we submit what is here said about Cæsar for what it is worth. In the Montgomery Advertiser and the Columbus Inquirer, (Ga.) we have expressed our views fully upon the *vexed question* which excites so much attention.

(1) Of course, Northerners have no right to ask questions "concerning what may be peculiar to Southern society." The Rev. gentleman is quite condescending, to answer an impudent Yankee, who is so foolish and fanatical as to intimate that there is any impropriety in owning a "nigger" preacher!

(2) Think of that in a *Christian* (!) country! A minister of Christ held in slavery, and unable to obey his Divine Master until purchased by his brethren! Query—Was the "Rev. James McLemore" his claimant, and did he put the price of a soul in his own pocket as a compensation for suffering his ministerial brother to go "about his Master's business"?

(3) In what heathen country is there a more barbarous law than the one here alluded to? Why does not the Southern church cry out against it as a violation of the first principles of Christianity? If she were a church of Christ, she could not do otherwise. Can piety exist where the common feelings of humanity are smothered?

(4) Christ commanded his servants to "call NO MAN master," and yet here is a company of his professed followers "assuming the character of *master*" over one of the Lord's freemen!

(5) "Cæsar," being nothing but a "nigger," is "supervised" by "three trustees," who doubtless leave him at *liberty*, (as they would a dog,) to go *the length of his chain*, and perform the menial parts of clerical service!

(6) The very occupation to which his Divine Master was bred! He is like Jesus in one particular, if in no other, which, we fear, is more than can be said of his "supervisors."

(7) "We have a *law*," said those who clamored for the life of the Son of God, "and by our law he ought to die." The Alabama Association would hide its own guilty participancy in the sin of slaveholding under the same shallow plea. It was no more valid now than it was eighteen hundred years ago. If such a law existed in any heathen country, penetrated by American Missionaries, the fact would be trumpeted from one end of the land to the other, as conclusive evidence of *barbarism!* Here it is part and parcel of the prevailing Christianity!

"Sounding Brass."

The following paragraphs, from the Fayetteville Luminary, describe a certain trait of character, not altogether unknown at the present day, in a style at once so graphic and truthful, that we are induced to lay them before our readers. They require no explanation to render apparent their full force and meaning.

The Zealot has framed a Procrustian bed to fit his own dimensions, and now he must stretch or lop off the limbs of all others, so that they will tally exactly to the dimensions of the bed. And if any protest against the elongation or the amputation, as not called for by their sense of duty, he lacks just that charity, the want of which constitutes him a "*sounding brass*." Any who have happened to see him on such an occasion have instantly perceived the aptitude with which the pen of inspiration has designated him by that synonym. His loud and railing denunciations almost persuade the listener that the figurative expression, "a throat of brass," is found in verity before him, while his impudent assertions without proof, in the face of scripture, and all history ecclesiastical, leave but little room for the imagination to conclude that his face is made of the same metal.

Happy would it be if such could only be made to understand that those who do not see and think with them, nevertheless with themselves belong to the human family, and in common with that family have susceptibilities of feeling and sensitiveness of mind—are not insensible to the rude assault that impeaches the integrity of their heart, or the purity of their motives. Happy if such could entertain the thought that in charity they belong to the great family of God's children—are actuated with equal honesty of purpose with themselves—are animated with hopes equally high and glorious—have facilities equally great for arriving at the truth—have motives equally strong for being honest with their own consciences—and after all, may *possibly* be in the *right*. Happy if they felt in their own bosom the faintest glow of that charity that "suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

AMISTAD COMMITTEE.—This Committee, consisting of Lewis Tappan, Joshua Leavitt, and Simeon S. Jocelyn, was originally appointed by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and has acted under that appointment, and no other, to the present time.—They have done nobly for the Africans, and no feelings of party rivalry or jealousy shall induce us to withhold the tribute of "well done" which is their due. The cause in which they have labored is one in which both divisions of the abolitionists have felt and manifested a common interest, and we have done all in our power to aid them in the collection of the requisite funds. On this account, we are sorry to see anything in the conduct of the Committee which looks like partiality, or a disposition to turn the general sympathy of the community in behalf of the Africans into a party channel. On one ground, we feel that we have a right, on behalf of our readers, to complain of the unfairness of the Committee. They have never sent us any of their official notices or appeals for funds, but have left us to copy them from pro-slavery papers! This we have done in several instances. Considering the professions of peace and friendship which our brethren have so often made, we think such conduct a little strange, to say the least. Nor is this all. When the official notice of the annual meeting of the *Foreign* Society was first published, it was announced that some of the Africans would attend one of its sessions at the Broadway Tabernacle.—This notice was signed by two of the Amistad committee. Considering it no more than just to the Africans themselves, (to say nothing of the contributors,) that their appearance before the public should be independent of either of our National Societies, we expressed our regret to one of the committee that the meeting on their behalf had been arranged as a part of the new Society's anniversary. We are happy to perceive that the arrangement has since been changed, and that the meeting will be an independent one; and we trust the committee will not give it a party character by selecting members of the new Society exclusively to take part in the exercises.

W. O. DUVALL.—A letter from this individual will be found in another column. It contains the first intimation of which we have any knowledge, that J. C. Jackson has resigned the office of Corresponding Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He did indeed relinquish his claim to a *salary* from the time he left his post in the city to enter upon his labors at the West—thus generously relieving the Committee from responsibility, and trusting to the contributions of those among whom he labored for the means of supporting his family. As to the letter which we addressed to him at York, we do not now remember what it contained, but presume it might have been an explanation of the reasons which induced us to strike the head, "No third Party," from the advertisement to which W. O. Duvall alludes. For this J. C. Jackson did not censure us, but simply wrote us a kind, affectionate, and satisfactory letter, explaining his own course.

LECTURE IN FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.—On the last Sabbath, the writer of this enjoyed the privilege of pleading the cause of the oppressed in Friends' [not Orthodox] meeting-house in Milton, Ulster county. Friends in that region have no sympathy with that Pharisaical, dog-in-the-manger spirit, which too extensively prevails in the Society, and which leads so many not only to refuse to enter upon the work of philanthropy and mercy themselves, but to hinder those who are desirous of entering upon it from doing so.

FALSE REPORT.—The writer of this has been informed, that a report is in circulation, that in publishing the correspondence between himself and G. F. White, he made an alteration of an important word in one of the letters of the latter. The alteration is said to be on the seventh page, where it is alleged that the phrase which is printed, "one or more *of a body*," &c., in order to correspond with the original, should read, "one or more *persons*." We have only to say that the report is without foundation, that the letters of G. F. W. were printed with scrupulous fidelity to the originals, which are open to the inspection of the author himself, or of any one else, who may desire to satisfy his mind of the truth of our statement.

Life of Thomas Cooper.

Just published, the sixth edition of "A Narrative of the Life of Thomas Cooper." He was born a slave in Maryland. After suffering extreme hardship, he escaped from his oppressors and became a popular preacher among the Methodists; and in that capacity visited Nova Scotia, the West indies, England and Africa, where he died.

Graham House.

We call the attention of such of our readers as contemplate visiting the city to the advertisement of this excellent establishment in another column. Friend Goss is admirably qualified to keep such a house, as we can testify from personal observation and experience. Try him.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will hold its anniversary at Philadelphia next week, commencing on Thursday afternoon. The Freeman remarks, that the time was set so near the close of the week, to accommodate such of the country friends as might wish to attend, the next week, either the Friends' Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, or the anniversary of the American Society in New-York. This arrangement was certainly judicious, and we hope it will have the effect to increase the number of delegates from the keystone State at our national gathering. The writer expects to attend the Pennsylvania meeting, and to furnish some account of it for the next Standard.

DR BRISBANE, we learn from the Philanthropist, is on a tour to this part of the country to solicit funds to enable his congregation to complete their new meeting-house.

GIDDINGS' SPEECH.—The speech of Mr. Giddings on the Florida War is exerting a wide and healthful influence. It has been published in many papers besides those which are avowedly anti-slavery, and among others in the National Intelligencer. It has therefore been read at the South as well as at the North.

TIME OF THE PUBLIC ANNIVERSARY.—To prevent any mistake, we repeat the statement made last week, that the public anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday, May 11, at 10 o'clock, A. M., instead of 3 o'clock, P. M., as previously advertised. Anti-Slavery papers will please notice.

DIED,

In Boston, on Monday morning, April 19, Miss SUSAN PAUL, aged about 32, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Paul. Miss Paul was, for a number of years, a teacher in one of the primary schools in the city—composed exclusively of colored children; and she discharged the duties of her situation in the most satisfactory manner. Being among those, who, in this country, are crushed to the earth on account of the complexion which it has pleased the Creator to give them, she felt and ever manifested a deep and lively interest in the anti-slavery enterprise, and was long an esteemed and useful member of the Boston Female A. S. Society. Though at that time in slender health, she presided at one of the tables at the Fair held by the Society in December last; from which she was removed to a sick chamber and the bed of death. Her disease was consumption. She had acquired an excellent education; her talents and address were of high order; and she was in all respects qualified to adorn the best circle of human society. Her lot, since she arrived at womanhood, has been a very severe one—marked all along by sorrow, disappointment, adversity; yet it was met with an indomitable spirit and extraordinary fortitude. She has had to provide for an aged mother, and also for four children of a deceased sister, who are now left in a state of utter destitution, and whose condition should excite the commiseration and call into exercise the generosity of the friends of suffering humanity.—May the God of the widow and the fatherless raise them up friends and benefactors! We shall be most happy to receive in their behalf, and to appropriate to their relief, any donations that sympathizing friends may wish to contribute for that object. As the Rev. Mr. Paul was a distinguished and highly esteemed Baptist preacher, we trust that a *denominational* interest will be taken in their case; and, especially, that every Baptist clergyman in this city will do something to relieve their pressing necessities.

It is only about a year since Miss Paul followed to the grave, one to whom she had pledged the best affections of her heart, and to whom she had fondly expected to be speedily united in the bands of wedlock. They had anticipated much of earthly bliss; but it has pleased the Almighty to consign them both to an early grave. It is confidently believed, however, that their spirits are now united in heavenly bliss; for, being reconciled to God, through his beloved Son, death had for them no terrors—the grave no gloom. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord."

The funeral services will take place in the Belknap street meeting-house, on Sunday next, at the close of the afternoon services.—*Liberator.*

In Boston, April 6th, GERTRUDE, youngest child of Henry G. and Maria W. Chapman, aged 9 months.

A numerous body of relatives and acquaintance will sympathize with our absent and afflicted friends, the parents of this dear babe, in the bereavement they are thus called to sustain. As for the child—

"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest, departed one!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

Thou wert so like a thing of light,
That heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence;
And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art passed, with all thy loveliness!"

NOTICES.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair.

The Anti-Slavery women of Boston would again by their Committee, call the attention of their friends in Massachusetts, and throughout the country, to the increased prospect of aiding the cause, by means of the '*Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair*,' already notified to be held at Boston during Christmas week, 1841. The receipts of the sale of last year, far exceeding those of any previous year, afford ample testimony to the faithfulness with which the women of Massachusetts have discharged, amid much 'evil report,' the responsibilities they have assumed, and encourage us *again* to summon them to unite with us for a still more strenuous effort in the slave's behalf.

We ask anti-slavery societies to take early action with respect to the Fair, and communicate their determination to us. In towns where no society exists, or where having a name to live they are dead, let individuals, who remain true to the cause, unite their efforts in this behalf. Permit us to say here, to any who, in view of our protracted struggle and unanticipated perplexities, may be preparing to abandon the cause—'The numbers of the enslaved, their sufferings and despair, the crime and danger of the slaveholder, the guilt of his northern confederate, are no less than when they first awoke your conscience, and enlisted your sympathy. Remember the declaration of our Savior, 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.'

In many places, one laborer bears alone the heat and burden of the day. To such we would say, be resolute and self-sustained. You do but seem to be alone. Within your call are true and faithful hearts.

——'hearts glowing with a flame,
Kindled like yours for purposes the same,
To cheer the watch, to daunt a common foe.'

Help shall arise by your side soon, and at the eleventh hour the ranks will be full.

We entreat our friends to encourage us by their presence at the time of the sale as well as by their donations. Arrangements will be made for the accommodation of all who come up to our help, and no endeavors omitted to make the occasion one of enjoyment and festivity, as well as of toil and responsibility.

So well is the Fair now understood, that a particular description of articles that might be profitably provided is unnecessary. Information will be furnished upon application to any member of our Committee.

We shall address to you, from time to time, during the year, such information respecting our plans and arrangements, as may facilitate yours. Meanwhile, asking earnestly for your correspondence, co-operation and advice, we are affectionately your friends and co-laborers for the slave,

MARIA W. CHAPMAN,
MARY A. W. JOHNSON,
THANKFUL SOUTHWICK,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA F. MENAM,
ANN T. G. PHILLIPS,
MARY YOUNG,
CAROLINE WESTON,
ABBY SOUTHWICK,
LAVINIA HILTON,
MARY F. ROGERS,
EMILY A. WINSLOW,
HANNAH TUFTS,
CATHARINE SARGENT,
LYDIA MARIA CHILD,
MARY G. CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
SUSAN PAUL,
ELIZA PHILBRICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
HELEN E. GARRISON,
LOUISA SEWALL,
CECILIA HOWARD,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
HANNAH S. ADAMS,
MARY WILLEY,

EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The eighth annual meeting of the Am. A. S. Society will be held in the city of New-York, beginning on Tuesday, the 11th of May, and continuing, by adjournment, until the business be concluded. Members of anti-slavery societies, and friends of the cause throughout the country, are invited to attend.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING

Will be held in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, on Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock. The meetings for business will be held in the basement of the Tabernacle. Delegates are requested, immediately on their arrival in the city, to call at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 143 Nassau street, and to enroll their names.

T. VAN RENSSELAER, } *Committee of*
JAMES S. GIBBONS, } *Arrangements.*

New-York March 4.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

The Great Western, Lieut. Hosken, arrived off Sandy Hook Friday evening and came to an anchor, but was not enabled to come up to the city until Saturday afternoon. By her we have received London dates of the 7th, and Bristol dates of the 8th. She brings very little news. About fifty passengers had secured their berths up to the 7th, at which time no Government despatches had been received; but they were expected to arrive to the mail on the 8th.

Public opinion seemed to have settled down in the belief that peace with this country will continue uninterrupted and the papers are chiefly discussing other subjects.

The editor of the Davenport Independant, states that he has been favored with an extract of a letter from Capt. Drew in which Capt. D. states positively that McLeod who is now awaiting his trial at Lockport, was not one of the party engaged in the capture of the Caroline.

Some persons of the highest respectability are probably connected with the robbery at Windsor Castle. The affair has been going on for some months. The extent to which the Royal plate has been plundered is not known. Several rare silver articles of antiquity, monarchical presents and spoils of Indian conquests have been carried away; superb and historically rich productions have been knocked to pieces in order to remove them a bit at a time.

From the Philanthropist.

A HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

On the last evening of March, a cruel outrage was committed at Ripley on the person of a colored man. A poor old widow woman, a short time since, procured several of her white friends to become her security for five hundred dollars, which she borrowed to purchase her daughter's husband out of slavery. The purchase was made, and the man, with his wife and children, came to Ripley where the mother resided, in order to help her make the five hundred dollars she had borrowed. The man hired himself to a respectable citizen of Ripley. Two fellows, of the baser sort, of which Ripley, notwithstanding its good character, has a few, were moved with envy at seeing a colored man doing well, and laid a plot to destroy him. They agreed between themselves that in passing him, one would push the other against him, and thus make an occasion of beating him. They were overheard making the plot. They carried it into execution, and one of them threw a brickbat and knocked the colored man down, and then took one in his hand and beat him on the head with it in a most shocking manner. His skull is broken, and his head is cruelly mangled. In this condition he was borne home to his hopeless wife and children and widowed mother-in-law, who had pledged more than her all to liberate him from bondage. The colored man sustains as good a character as any other man. There is reason to believe he is truly a christian. All this cruel treatment he endured because he has a black skin. He gave the vile wretches no cause of offence,—he never did them the least injury. It is hoped that he will recover, but it is yet uncertain. He has, in a high degree, the sympathy of the citizens in general, and due efforts have been made to redress the injury done him, so far as it can be done by legal process; but the wretch who perpetrated the crime has no property, and, of course, can bid defiance to law, unless the man should die of his wounds. These hateful and grovelling wretches but carried into practice the spirit of hatred to colored people so prevalent among many of the better class of society; and they are but a looking glass in which many respectable people may see a picture of their own hearts.

ITEMS.

European Intelligence—The political and general intelligence by the Steamer Columbia, although fifteen days later than previous advices, is of not much interest. No new light is thrown upon the relations between this country and Great Britain, and indeed none was expected. No farther debate upon the subject has been had in either house of Parliament. The tone of the Press, with regard to the imprisonment of McLeod has lost much of its furious bluster, and the advices from this country subsequent to the reception of Mr. Picken's Report, tended greatly to diminish the asperity and bitter rage which that document excited. All the leading London journals are of the decided opinion that no war will grow out of it; they acquiesce, very generally also, in the propriety of McLeod's standing trial at our judicial tribunals, before the Government interferes for his safety.

The Queen of England.—The privy purse of the Queen of England amounts to £60,000 per annum, or £164 7s 10d a day. She has beside, Buckingham Palace, St. James' Palace, Windsor Castle, and Brighton Pavilion. Including the expenses of the royal household, royal bounties, and charities, pensions, unappropriated money, ect., the Queen's income annually is £415,000, or £1,137 a day. Queen Adelade receives £100,000 a year, or £274 a day.

The Death of a Clergyman.—A Baptist clergyman, named King Griswell, was recently killed at Cincinnati by violence. The Chronicle of that city says. "He was, we understand, a Baptist clergyman, laboring in the western part of the city, and was killed in consequence of offence taken at some of his remarks. We have thought it proper to suppress names and to give no other particulars until an official examination is had. The violence was committed, we understand, last Friday, and the unfortunate sufferer expired yesterday."

The exact vote of this city for Mayor, at the late election, is as follows:

Robert H. Morris, (V. B.)	18,604
J. Philips Phœnix, (Whig,)	18,206
Samuel F. Morse,	77
Scattering	26
Blank,	19
Total,	36,923

Morris's plurality over Phœnix, 398. Majority over all, 276.

Mrs. M. S. Gove, the female lecturer on Physiology and Physical Education, is lecturing at Philadelphia with decided success. She has lectured several times to mixed audiences.

The Mormons—The corner Stone of the great Mormon Temple (that is to be) at Nauvoo, Illinois, was laid on the 6th inst., in presence of seven or eight thousand persons, and the Nauvoo Military Legion, consisting of six hundred and fifty men. The Warsaw (Ill.) World, says: "Mr Rigdon officiated at the laying of the chief corner stone, and addressed the assembly in a very energetic manner in a speech of about an hour's length. On the whole, the exercises passed off with the utmost order, without accident or the slighest disturbance. Gen. Bennet commanded the Legion, under the direction of the Prophet, and acquitted himself in a truly officer-like manner."

National Institution.—We understand that Dr. Owen has lately forwarded to Washington the collection of specimens of rocks of mineral which he made during his geological survey of Iowa and Wiskonsan; also a selection made by him of European minerals from the collection of the late William Maclure, Esq. Both collections are destined for the National Institute, lately formed at the Seat of Government.

Dr. Owen, we learn, is now engaged in making a collection of specimens along the Ohio, from the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. From this collection a complete suite of geological specimens, illustrative of the formations along the Ohio river, will be forwarded to the National Institution.—*Louisiana Advertiser.*

War in the West.—The little Rock (Ark.) Gazette of the 24th, states, on the authority of a gentleman from the Indian territory, that a war had commenced between the Choctaw and Kickapoo, Indians. It is stated that the Kickapoos have for a number of years, been encroaching on the Choctaw lands, and had been frequently requested to desist to which they paid no attention. A few weeks since, the Choctaw council deemed it expedient to pass a law commanding them to leave their territory, which the Kickapoos refused to do, but assembled their tribe, numbering twelve hundred warriors, determined to resist the execution of the Choctaw law. They have, in addition to this, sent the war hatchet to the numerous wild and savage tribes who inhabit the extensive tract of country lying between the Choctaw line and the Rocky Mountains.

It is also said, that all the traders who had been residing among the Indans, were busily engaged in removing their goods to the vicinity of Fort Towson for protection.

Death of Richard Haughton!—We have this day a melancholy duty to perform: that of recording the death of our contemporary, Richard Haughton of this city, the editor and proprietor of the Boston Atlas. Mr. Haughton, in the Atlas of this morning announced his intention of proceeding to Europe in the Acadia; and at about 12 o'clock, while making arrangements for his departure, and apparently in the possession of as much health, as he had enjoyed for some months past, he was attacked with illness, probably apoplexy, and immediately expired.—*Boston Journal, April.*

John Tyler, father of President Tyler, succeeded Benjamin Harrison, father of the late President Harrison, in 1781, as Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates.

An Affray.—About nine o'clock on the morning of the 27 ult., as we learn from the New Orleans Picayune, an affray occurred in Camp street which placed the life of one of the parties in imminent peril. Col. Milton, a well known member of the New Orleans bar, was fired at and severely wounded by Mr. Morton. Two pistols were discharged by him: one of them took effect, passing through Col Milton's thigh. The affair was the origin of much excitement, the current of which was on the side of Morton, as the cause of the attack was said to be alleged ill-treatment of his sister on the part of Mr. Milton. Morton was placed under arrest, but was immediately bailed.

Tornado.—The Natches Free Trader states that a t

A Brighter World than This.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! when I trod life's early ways,
Hope winged my fleeting hours,
I saw no shadow in her rays,
No serpent in her flowers;
I thought on days of present joy,
And years of future bliss,
Nor deemed that sorrow could alloy
So bright a world as this.

Alas! the fairy dreams I wove,
Soon from my fancy fled,
The friends who owned my tender love
Were numbered with the dead;
Upon their pallid lips I pressed
Affection's parting kiss,
They left me for a world of rest,
A brighter world than this.

Nor did the spacious world supply
Those ties of opening life;
False was its mocking flattery,
Keen was its bitter strife;
And then I first began to look
For purer, truer bliss,
And loved to trace, in God's own book,
A brighter world than this.

My wounded heart desired relief,
I found the good I sought;
And now, in trial and in grief,
I feel the soothing thought
That, though the worldling may despair
When robbed of earthly bliss,
The Christian humbly hopes to share
A brighter world than this.

From the Providence Journal.

I Hear thy Voice, O Spring!

I hear thy voice, O Spring!
Its flute-like tones are floating thro' the air,
Winning my soul with their wild ravishing,
From earth's heart-wearying care.

Divinely sweet thy song—
But yet, methinks, as near the groves I pass,
Low sighs on viewless wings are borne along.
Tears gem the springing grass.

For where are they, the young,
The loved, the beautiful, who when thy voice,
A year agone along these valleys rung,
Did hear thee and rejoice!

Thou seek'st for them in vain—
No more they'll greet thee in thy joyous round;
Calmly they sleep beneath the murmuring main,
Or moulder in the ground.

Yet peace, my heart—be still!
Look upward to yon azure sky and know,
To heavenlier music now their bosom thrill,
Where balmier breezes blow.

For them hath bloomed a Spring,
Whose flowers perennial deck a holier sod,
Whose music is the song that seraphs sing,
Whose light, the smile of God!

Hymn.

BY THE LORD-CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM.

"There is a God," all nature cries;
A thousand tongues proclaim
His Arm almighty, Mind all-wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise,
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire divine,
Assiduous we adore;
Rejecting godheads, at whose shrine,
Benighted nations, blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds in boundless space,
Myriads of miles each hour
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circlet studs the face,
Of that enamell'd flower.

But Thou, too, mad'st that floweret gay,
To glitter in the dawn;
The hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet hunch'd away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

"As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to thy will,"
By the same laws those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found,
One order to fulfil.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

War.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

The vulture hovers over the reeking plain,
Called to the feast of Death, by glory spread—
A mingled mass of dying and of dead—
While cannons roar and trumpets shriek amain,
And fierce-eyed havoc, drunk with human gore,
Yet reckless, sateless, yells in rage for more!
Shudder, oh Earth! and cover not thy slain—
Hide not their blood, which from the streaming sod,
Cries loud for retribution! Shall not God,
Ye chiefs, ye warriors—progeny of Cain—
Visit the lands for this? The widow's cries
Witness against you—and the orphan's shriek
Is heard in heaven! Your hands with murder reek,
And God abhors your bloody sacrifice!

From the Young Ladies' Journal.

Sonnet on Tight Lacing.

TO AMERICAN MOTHERS.

If ye would crush the tree, before one flower
Hath made its fragrance or its fruitage known;
If ye would crush the harp, before one tone
Hath told the compass of its varied power;
If ye would quench the lamp at twilight hour,
Or plant the briar where the rose had grown,
Or crush the statue in the encasing stone—
Then make the "*corset-curse*" your daughter's dower!

But, oh, if ye revere your God's impression,
Stamped on the human form! If ye would arm
Your sons against *consumption's* ghastly charm;
Banish this vice of every Christian nation!
And know that *murder*—in whatever form—
Of self, or offspring, is no slight transgression!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Earthquake at Mount Ararat.

[Official account of the great earthquake, drawn up by Major Voskoboinikof of the Imperial Russian Engineers.]

This earthquake, which changed in a few moments the entire aspect of the country in the neighborhood of Mount Ararat, commenced on the 20th June, (Russian or old style,) 1840, at about 45 minutes after 6 in the evening. Repeated, but intermittent shocks, which seemed to come from the mountain, gave to the earth a movement resembling waves, which continued for about two minutes. The first four and most formidable shocks, which were accompanied by a subterraneous sound, proceeding in the direction of east-north-east, have left on the summits of hills and bottoms of valleys within the range of the agitation, traces which will not soon disappear, and which the eye of the scientific observer will recognize after many ages shall have passed away.

It was at the same time observed, that numerous rents or fissures took place on the banks of the Araxes and the Karastu, from the source of the latter to its confluence with the Arpatchai, on all the spots where the banks of those rivers are somewhat elevated. These fissures, which were parallel to the course of the streams, ploughed the earth to the distance of a verst from the beds of the rivers, and, in accordance with the movement given to the soil by the scools, they were seen every moment to open and shut. There also occurred a great number of violent explosions from the bottom of holes like little craters, which opening and shutting in the same way as fissures, spouted out torrents of water, and cast up immense quantities of pebbles and gravel. The waters of the Araxes were so violently agitated, that they rose over both banks, now causing inundation, then sinking again into the centre of the bed; which thus appeared concave. According to the accounts of the people of the country, several parts of the river became dry, while at other parts the body of the stream rose to a great height, making a noise like the sound of boiling water. The local authorities took care to verify these facts, which were related by a number of eye-witnesses, and several circumstances leave no doubt of the correctness of their statements. At the end of August there were still to be seen fissures here and there in the bed of the river, which might have absorbed the water, while it might have been thrown up from others.

During these awful moments terror and desolation reigned everywhere to a great distance around Mount Ararat. The Persian town of Maku, and Baiazeth, the chief town of a Turkish Pashalic, also suffered from the earthquake. Its successive shocks convulsed in a few minutes the earth as far as Shusa and Tabris on the one side, and to Tiflis on the other. But its ravages extended chiefly over the Russian territory. The ancient and venerable monument of St. James, and the village of Acorhi, with its 200 houses and 1000 habitants, situated on the skirts of Mount Masis, at the foot of the Great Ararat, were entirely destroyed by the immense masses of rock which were detached from the summit of the mountain, and by the collossal glaciers accumulated during an incalculable series of ages in that region of eternal snow, which those rocks brought with them in their descent.

In the cantons of Erivan, Sharur, Nakichevan, and Ordubat, nearly all the houses have been entirely destroyed. In Nakichevan two Armenian churches, five mosques, 779 houses, and 25 shops were entirely ruined. In the district of the same name, including the canton of Odubat, the number of edifices destroyed has been found to amount to 2,436 houses, one church, two mosques and 17 mills, leaving out of the account 1,095 houses, nine churches, five mosques, and 15 mills, which were more or less seriously damaged. In the canton of Sharur, the earthquake threw down 3,135 houses and 75 mills. In the same canton, on the left of the river Araxes, where its banks are somewhat elevated, land slips took place, which carried away several villages and the adjoining cornfields. Most fortunately, the catastrophe occurred before sunset, which is doubtless the cause that the number of victims, the inhabitants of Acorhi excepted, was less considerable than might have been expected. With that exception the number is limited to forty-nine individuals in the two districts of Erivan and Nakhichevan, exclusive of seventeen seriously wounded.

The influence of the earthquake on all the wells within the two districts mentioned was very remarkable. In the canton of Nakhicheven upwards of thirty springs were dried up for some time; some continued, even several days after the catastrophe, to yield only thick and whitish colored water; others, on the contrary, became more abundant than they had previously been; and in the vicinity of several of the latter new springs made their appearance. Thus the volume of water from the springs of Karassu and Chapan, near the village of Sardarak, is more than double what it was; and a new current of water, which first issued forth at the time of the earthquake, still flows from a clift in Mount Gindil.

At Karagassanlu, a poor village situate at the confluence of the rivers Arpalchai and Araxes, the earthquake was observed in all its terrific grandeur. Terrified by the first shock, and stunned by a noise like the rolling of thunder, the inhabitants had no sooner raised their eyes to the summit of the Ararat, and beheld the direction of the detached masses of rock, than a second shock overthrew their clay huts. The whole village disappeared amidst an immense cloud of dust; at the same time the earth alternately opened and closed around them, and numerous columns of water, spouting up in the air from the apertures, threw into the fields sand and pebbles which had been dislodged from the bottom of those frightful gulfs. The unfortunate inhabitants fled in dismay from the places of their birth.

It is difficult to afford any idea of the scene which presented itself in the narrow valley of Acorhi. The masses of rock, ice and snow, detached by the first shock from the summit of the Ararat, and its lateral points, were thrown, at one single bound, from a height of 6,000 feet to the bottom of the valley, where they lay scattered over an extent of seven versts.

At first, not the slightest traces of the monastery or the village were perceptible, but gradually the snow and ice began to melt, and the mass of *debris*, losing its adhesion, separated and crumbled away in various directions. A portion was carried down by the slope of the valley as far as the banks of the Karassu with such rapidity, that huge masses of ice, preserved entire, and the immense fragments of rock, were in the space of a few minutes hurled to a distance of 20 versts from the point where they had fallen.

This happened at 9 in the morning of the 24th of June. Torrents of clayey mud, of a whitish color, issued from the great mass of *debris*, which remained immovable, inundating and devasting the fields and meadows from that point to the banks of the Karassu. These torrents were so great, that between the moutains bounding the valley of Acorhi and the banks of the river, the ground was inundated to the extent of 12 versts in width.

The sudden formation of these torrents of mud and the rapidity of their movement, present an extraordinary phenomenon. It may be conjectured that masses of compact clay had been formed, apparently by volcanic evaporation, at the summit of Mount Ararat, on the porphyroide trachytes. These masses which crushed every thing in their descent, were transformed at the first contact with the water produced by the melted snow and ice, into a muddy matter, which afterwards flowed along the slope of the valley. Perhaps, too, being carried along by these waters, like other *debris*, these masses were dissolved whilst the torrent was rolling them towards the plain. Be this as it may, one of these torrents of mud falling into the Karassu, forced that river to alter its course. A vast number of mutilated human bodies, frightful evidences of the disaster of Acorhi, were hurled into the Karassu; so that the waters of the river were for a long time unfit for use in cooking or drinking.

By the 5th of July these torrents had entirely disappeared; but the valley of Acorhi has assumed a new aspect. It has become broader at its upper part, because the soil is there more elevated than it formerly was, and the boundary of eternal snow on the Ararat appears lower. Two springs, which used formerly to be remarked at a short distance from the monastery, now issue from among the *debris* of the rock covering that part of the valley, and indicate the spot where the venerable edifice stood. In the same way we can conjecture the situation once occupied by a small meadow on the skirts of the mountain opposite the monastery, which at the moment of the catastrophe was inhabited by a nomade tribe of thirty families, all of whom perished. This meadow is now covered with a deep stratum of clay. On a piece of ground extending from the monastery to the village of Acorhi, where formerly were to be seen cultivated fields and gardens, we at present find a labyrinth of hillocks of a conical form, composed of fragments of rock, and covering fragments of glaciers, which, in consequence of being thus protected against the influence of the atmosphere, are not yet melted. These hillocks are furrowed by numerous fissures, and have cavities full of water containing vitriol; they will probably disappear when the ice which they cover shall be dissolved.

The stratum of clay, where it has buried, the village is comparatively inconsiderable. In the hope of finding articles of value, the Curds soon began to explore the ruins. The excavations they have made, to the depth of a *sagene*, expose to view the rafters of the cottages still resting on the ruins of these habitations. Here and there some fragments of the inferior part of the walls remain upright. The interior is every where filled with lumps of ice and blocks of rock—a proof that the village was not destroyed by a torrent of *debris* rolling and sliding down the side of the mountain like an avalanche, but was crushed by a mass of matter, which having been hurled through space, descended perpendicularly on the spot.

After the great concussion, the effects of which were so dreadful, distinctly felt shocks occurred at intervals until the 28th of July; they afterwards diminished in force, but they did not entirely cease in the district of Sharur until the 1st of September, and, though very feeble towards the close of that period, they were still accompanied by a slight subterraneous noise.

The shocks which occurred in the canton of Nakhichevon, between the 21st and 28th of June, overthrew the buildings which the first earthquake had shaken. The heaviest shocks which were afterwards observed occurred on the 14th of July, at 3 A. M., in the quarantine of Idgir, and on the 25th of July, at 3 and 10 A. M., and at 5 P. M. in the canton of Surmalinsk.

[*St. Petersburgh Gazette.*

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Independence of the Pulpit.

We hear and read much about the independence of the press, but very little about the independence of the pulpit. And yet among a church-going people, like the Americans, the latter is quite as important as the former. Independence of the press is not much understood. Political editors regard it as consisting in adulation of one party, and vituperation of another. *Neutral* editors too generally regard it as consisting in the evasion of all subjects which may agitate the public mind, or divide it into two masses entertaining opposite opinions. The first exhibit their independence by endeavoring to coerce the community into one opinion; the second by being afraid to examine *any* opinion. The opinion entertained by the majority of readers concerning the independence of the press is that each reader has the right of dictation to each newspaper which he takes.—The amount of this is that each considers independence as consisting in his exclusive right to think, or in fear of all thinking. The one is a tyrant who would make every body his slave; the other a slave who would make every body his master.

So much for the press. How is the case with the pulpit? Some clergymen are inquisitors, who will accord the right of opinion to none.—Others are time-servers, who will not assert the right of opinion in themselves. Among congregations, those under hierarchal governments, like Catholics and Episcopalians, are much disposed to surrender the right of thinking to their clergy; and those under independent governments, like Congregationalists, whether Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian or Calvinist, (we mean by the latter a particular order of Congregationalists,) are much disposed to take from the clergy the right of thinking.

The just medium, in both press and pulpit, editor and clergyman, is to support whatever he considers right, and to oppose whatever he considers wrong, without regard to personal consequences, and without invading the right of opinion in others. Each should condemn bad principles and bad practices, without personal denunciation of the individuals or mass who entertain the one and are addicted to the other.

We are led to these remarks by a controversy which has existed for a long time in Boston, between a clergyman and a portion of his congregation, and which has been conducted with no little firmness on his part, and no little bitterness on theirs. The Rev. John Pierpont, a Congregational clergyman pastor of Hollis-street church, in Boston, distinguished as a poet, a clerical orator, a fine writer, a true christian, which means a publican and a gentleman, undertook to preach against intemperance, and, in the course of his war against this source of nearly all mischief, he imposed most of the responsibility where it belongs, upon the manufacturers and venders of alcoholic poisons, and not upon the ignorant or reckless consumers. His congregation contained several distillers and many dealers in alcohol, both by wholesale and retail: and these persons, considering their own *rights* invaded by the attempt of their pastor to expose the sources of nearly all the mischief which afflicts society, requested him to desist from all discussion of the subject, because it tended to produce excitement. As Mr. Pierpont belonged to the school of the Savior and the Apostles, of John Huss, Martin Luther, General Washington, and other civil and military heroes of our revolution, a school which teaches that truth must be silenced because its proclamation may produce *excitement* among the workers of evil, he pleaded his own convictions of *right* as a moral thinker, and his duty as a moral teacher. Perceiving that they had mistaken their man in supposing that he would sacrifice duly to expediency, they requested him to leave his pulpit, because *his usefulness there had ended*; a conclusion exactly like that of the god-makers in Ephesus, who regarded St. Paul as worse than useless, because he preached a doctrine that interfered with their trade. As Mr. Pierpont thought he might be *useful*, even in discouraging the most fertile source of misery and crime, and as the majority of his congregation entertained the same opinion, he refused to *abdicate*. Foiled in this attempt, the dealers in alcohol purchased the majority of the *pew interest* in the church, and demanded his abdication.—Relying upon his contract of settlement, which involved no forfeiture upon his preaching against vice, he still refused to go. They then applied to a council of clergymen, which, among the Congregationalists of New-England, possesses powers merely advisory. Since this application, several councils have been held, and one is now in session; and the parties seem as remote from reconciliation as ever, for Mr. Pierpont will not surrender the independence of the pulpit, and his opponents will not surrender their claim to forbid discussion upon *exciting* subjects, or, in other words, expositions of vices from which they derive profit.

What concern have we of Philadelphia with this dispute in Boston? As a community interested in maintaining freedom and good morals, we have much concern with it. If a clergyman in one part of the country be driven from the pulpit by his parishioners, for denouncing vice and crime, the example may become general, and independence of the pulpit will be destroyed. And when that is gone, religion, morals, and freedom will rapidly follow. We therefore insist that every clergyman, every press, and every good citizen among us is interested in this controversy; and we call upon the two first to sustain the principle upon which a particular interest would sacrifice this Mr. Pierpont, and upon all good citizens to sustain both the presses and the pulpits that denounce immoral principles and evil practices. By *immoral principles*, we do not refer to any controverted abstract opinions, but to those about the immoral tendency of which not two sound minds can differ. A venal, time-serving pulpit is more corrupt than a venal press.

Good and Bad Influence of Women.

All history holds up to us the contrast between the good and bad influence of women. While woman is supposed, by the heedless and unobserving, to possess no influence, those who take the trouble to use their eyes or even to think, readily perceive that, for good or for evil, she exercises over the world an influence whose effects are felt throughout society; but we need not multiply words to prove this. Those, therefore, who would restrain virtuous activity in woman, do virtually require her to exercise an evil influence for an influence of some kind she must exert. Contrast the character of Abagail, the wife of churlish Nabal, with those of Jezebel and Delilah. That those women possessed influence is too apparent for contradiction. The power of Delilah was sufficient to render the strong man powerless, and to deliver him, imbecile and defenceless, into the hands of his enemies. Here was the exercise of a most wicked and treacherous influence; and may we not see something like it in our own days? May we not point out many men whom we once knew as useful members of society, those who have yielded to the influence of such women until they were shorn of their good name, their property and their moral feelings; yet, strange to say, such is termed the *natural* influence and sphere of woman by those who denounce the exercise of woman's influence in the cause of purity, of virtue, of innocence! If such be legitimate *feminine* influence may the Golden Rule Association glory in being *unfeminine!* How differently does the wife of Nabal appear, succoring the weary exiles, and saving her household from the vengeance of David. Here was woman's influence exerted in a good cause; and David was thankful that he had been preserved from the shedding of innocent blood. Queen Esther is another example. What all the male Israelites could not accomplish, was accomplished by her. She saved her nation. Yet the Jezebels and the Delilahs are the idols of those who oppose the righteous influence of woman. She is at liberty to do all the ill she may—but when she steps forth in the defence of virtue, she is out of her sphere!—*Golden Rule.*

General Harrison's Family.—The following relatives of Gen. Harrison were present in the city on the day of the funeral, viz.

Mrs. Jane Harrison, of Ohio, [son's widow,] and two sons.
Mrs. Taylor, of Va., [niece,] a daughter and two sons.
Pike Harrison, [grandson,] son of J. C. S. Harrison, and grandson of Gen. Pike.
Mr. D. O. Coupeland, of Ohio, [nephew.]
Mr Benjamin Harrison, of Berkeley, Va., [nephew.]
Henry Harrison, [grand-nephew,] son of the preceding, who has acted as confidential Secretary of the President.
Dr. John Minee, of Charles City, Va. [nephew.]

We may also add the name of Mrs. Finlay, of Ohio, who adopted Mrs. Jane Harrison as a daughter, and who almost invariably occupied the right hand of the President at his table.

The following are the surviving relations who were absent.

Mrs. Harrison, the General's bereaved widow.
John Scott Harrison, the only living son.
Mrs. Judge Short, eldest daughter.
Mrs. Dr. Thornton, daughter.
Mrs. Taylor, daughter. All those are living at or near North Bend.
Mr. Taylor and his wife and family were expected to become members of the President's family for the whole term of his service.

The following are the names of the deceased members of the family:

Lucy Harrison, daughter, married Judge Este.
J. C. S. Harrison, a son, married Miss Pike. Both dead.
Wm. H. Harrison, Jr. married Miss Jane Irwin. His widow presided at the President's table, and her personal graces have commended her to the affections of all who have had the pleasure to know her.
Dr. Benjamin Harrison, a son. Died last summer.
Carter B. Harrison, a son, who was a lawyer of fine talents, and accompanied Gen. Harrison to Columbia. Died two years ago. All of the sons left children.—*Madisonian.*

Physiological Lecture.—Last fourth-day evening, we had the privilege of listening to a lecture from Mary S. Grove, at Temperance Hall, on the circulation of the blood and the evils resulting from impeding it. It did not aim at the character of a profoundly scientific discourse, but was a plain, unpretending, useful presentation of important truths on an important subject—such an effort as in our estimation is calculated to do much good. The injurious and even fatal effects often produced by the absurd practice of compressing the chest, from a false notion of improving the form, were faithfully and impressively depicted, and the importance to health, of leaving the life channels free from obstruction, was made forcibly obvious.

Our opinion has already been expressed, that Mary S. Gove is a public benefactor, and as such ought to be encouraged. That opinion continues unchanged, and we rejoice to learn that her lectures in this place have been countenanced by the attendance of quite a large class, including some of the most intelligent, refined, and every way estimable women of our city. A considerable proportion of her hearers were members of the Society of Friends; some of them ranking in worth, in elevation of character and in the esteem and affectionate regard of their fellow members, second to none in that Society. If a farther testimonial to the propriety of her course and the utility of her labors were needed, she has it in the scurrilous abuse of a press, which the editor of that truly valuable paper, the Public Ledger, has *dignified* with the *honorable* title of 'Drunkard's Journal.' With approval from the enlightened and good, and condemnation from such as the author of the slanderous article concerning her in that worthless sheet, her ambition ought certainly to be satisfied.—*Pa. Freeman.*

Ultraism.—What is it? It is to be on the extreme in anything. Many persons eschew ultraism. In most things they may do this safely, because in the business affairs of life, truth is generally found in moderation. But how is it with virtue and religion? Did any man ever see an *ultra virtuous man?* Did any man ever hear of *ultra piety?* Was ever any man detected in *ultra truth?* In the Revolutionary war, just before the 4th of July, 1776, those who were for *independence* were great *ultraists.* The majority did not dream of actually setting up an independent democratic government in opposition to their ancient usages. But the ultraists prevailed, and this country has become an independent and happy people. Is any body sorry for the event? Yes. Kings, nobles, and aristocrats, are very sorry. They feel very sorry that such a *bad example* has been set in the world. They call it ultraism, great ultraism, which endangers *their craft.* When one man is heard complaining of the ultraism of another whose acts consist only in abstinence from evil, ask whether *his craft* is not in danger? Trace him out, and the chances are at least ten to one that his complaint has a tangible cause.

There is an *ultraism* in the world much to be lamented, and by none more than the poor and uneducated, by women, by children, and by all the weak. It is an ultra violence of passion, an ultra *selfishness* in doing wrong, and an ultra *fear* to do right. It is an ultraism which has always prevailed and which speaks little for that dignity of human nature of which many talk and few furnish an example.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

The Christian is Fearless.—Men who feel that they love and possess the truth—that they have planted their feet upon the everlasting Rock—will never manifest alarm or anger when it is proposed to examine the nature of that foundation, or to inquire into the soundness of their views. On the contrary, they are never better pleased than when such an investigation is to be made; for they feel assured that it will end in the confirmation of what is right, and in the overthrow of what is erroneous. It is only those who have misgivings as to the correctness of their opinions, and yet are determined to cherish them, whether right or wrong—who are conscious that they are in error, and love to have it so—who have the form, but are ignorant of the power of godliness—who are wolves in sheep's clothing—who are governed by creeds, and not by the word of God it is only those, and such as those, who stand aghast, and shriek out that the Romans are coming to take away their place and nation, whenever a proposition is made for a free and scriptural inquiry into the validity of their religious sentiments.—Garrison.

Radicalism has come to be a frightful thing, and yet sometimes it is a very good thing. Radical reformations, and radical cures, are better than any others. Radicalism is a bad thing when it attempts to destroy that which is good; not otherwise. It is a sort of mad-dog cry, however, which is raised whenever any opinion is put forth that is not in accordance with the accustomed views of society, and which comes with such plausibility, that it is difficult to repel it by mere reasoning. If a man gets the character of a radical fairly fixed upon him, his usefulness is very much at an end for the time. Yet the world has been immediately benefitted by radicals. Luther was one of the most stern and daring men of this character, who has ever appeared in our world. He accomplished, wonders while he lived, and what boundless blessings did his daring announcements of truth secure to us! True wisdom will examine fearlessly all opinions, searching for truth as for hidden treasures, and holding it fast, whether it be found in the piles of antiquity or the speculations of modern times.—*J. Con.*

Clerical Advertisements.—A parson, advertising for a curate in the Ecclesiastical Gazette for January, says—"Any *clergyman will do*, who is willing to purchase, on very reasonable terms, a good family-house annexed." It is of no consequence what the curate is, whether Puseyite or Protestant—lax or strict—pious or profane—"any clergyman will do," so that he only buys the parson's house! In the advertisement next but one (we quote the Liverpool Albion,) an incumbent modestly offers £50 per annum to any one who will undertake his parish with "1,300 souls, so scattered as to require the curate to keep a horse." Fifty pounds a year for a man and horse is little better than midshipman's half-pay. Two advertisements farther on, a curate "with a powerful voice" is wanted. In this case, it is *vox et præterea nihil.* He is neither required "to buy a house," "keep a horse," nor "be of evangelical doctrine." Lungs is the only criterion here mentioned. Six advertisements farther, we meet with a very lazy gentleman, who wants to purchase a stock of sermons from some fellow-laborer. This is the very *ne plus ultra* of indolence. He is not only too idle to make his own sermons, but even too idle to copy them; he wishes to obtain them prepared for preaching, "in a fair and legible hand." We will mention one more instance of the comicalities of clerical advertising. It is the case of a munificent Devonshire incumbent, who offers no money, but "for the services of a single or married clergyman, without young children, will give the use of his kitchen fire, garden produce, &c., in March and April!"

Satire in Disguise.—Most of our readers know, probably, that the English press puts little restraint upon itself in its waging of political warfare, and that the highest dignitaries of the land whether in church or state, enjoy no exemption from its visitations. In general its application of the lash is more remarkable for energy than for wit or fineness of sarcasm; but an exception is presented in the following squib, levelled by the London Chronicle at the head of Dr. Philpotts, the able but vemently political Bishop of Exeter.—*N. Y Comm. Adv.*

"*Narrow Escape of the Bishop of Exeter.*—We are happy to state that the right reverend prelate has received no injury from the accident which befel him when attending divine service in a fashionable chapel, in the neighborhood of Regent street, on Sunday last. The right reverend prelate, exhausted with his devotions, had fallen asleep during the sermon, and in this state of oblivion leaned against the door of his pew, which gave way, when his lordship narrowly escaped being thrown headforemost into the aisle. Luckily, however, he received so little injury as to be able to attend on Monday in his place in the House of Lords; but we would suggest to the proprietors of this chapel that they should provide more lively preachers, or stronger fastenings to their pew doors, when the Bishop of Exeter honors their chapel by reposing in it during vine service."

Gambling away a Daughter.—"A few days since," says the Journal de la Meuse, "an inhabitant at Void, playing at billiards, staked the hand of his only daughter, a handsome girl of 18, against his adversary. The imprudent father lost, and the winner has since insisted on payment being made, claiming the young lady, fortune and all, or else a sufficient indemnity. The daughter however, objects to the validity of the bargain, and gaming debts cannot be enforced by law."

A woman's courage is always the courage of the mind—the highest description of valor of which the human soul is capable. Danger strengthens instead of deterring it, and where many men grow nerveless, they simply become more cool. The valor of man is most dependent on brute force, and, where this fails, courage in an uneducated mind rarely survives its loss.

FAIR

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

American Anti-Slavery Society.

In Accordance with the recommendation of the Manhattan Anti-Slavery Socity, there will be a Fair held in the city of New-York during the week of the anniversaries, in May next. The friends of the anti-slavery cause are solicited for contributions, either in money or goods. Articles of clothing,—such as hats, shoes, stockings, 'kerchiefs, gloves, children's frocks, aprons, shirts, fancy articles, toys, &c. &c., will be gratefully acknowledged. A more particular list will be made out, of the most desirable articles, and it is hoped that the anti-slavery women of the country will be prompt in forwarding such as they can, and in promoting the most liberal contributions.

Almira Van Rensselaer, Lydia Maria Child,
Rachel Ruby, Anne Warren Weston,
A. H. Gibbons, Anna Bodie,
Mercy Powell, Jane Davis,
M. A. W. Johnson, Thankful H. Southwick.

New-York, March 4, 1841.

Dr. Church's Tooth Powder,

OR THE GREAT TOOTH PRESERVATIVE.

1. It is excellent in cleansing the Teeth and making them white, and preventing their decay. In order to keep the teeth clean and wholesome, the Brush and Powder must be used; for, by the frequent mastication of food, there is a viscid matter which adheres to the teeth, and which, if not removed, causes disease and decay.

2. It is an infallible cure for the Tartar collected on the Teeth, wholly removing it. Now, whenever tartar is suffered to gather, it occasions the swelling and inflaming of the gums, causing absorption and the expulsion of the teeth from the jaws, while it is the source of great pain.

3. It is sure to cause and preserve a sweet breath, and a pleasant taste to the mouth. Sad indeed is the evil, the pain, the destruction of comfort and health, which is brought about by *neglect.* For there is and there can be nothing worse for an individual than a bad breath; yet by overlooking the teeth, how many hundreds and thousands have a disagreeable breath; and when in conversation, even, are conscious of it, and involuntarily turn their heads!—Still, all this can be remedied in a short time, by the application of the powder, so that health, comfort and beauty, and a sweet breath will be in the possession of all

4. It hardens the gums. When the gums are soft and spongy, this powder will make them hard. Nearly one-half of the teeth which are lost, is owing to the disease of the soft and spongy gums, and collection of tartar.

For sale by Gould, Newman & Saxton, corner of Fulton and Nassau streets.

BOARDING IN NEW-YORK.

Gentlemen visiting New-York, either transiently or for a considerable time, who have no partiality for an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of alcohol and tobacco, will find a pleasant, quiet, comfortable house during their stay, at the Temperance House 63 Barclay street, near the centre of business, and within a few minute's walk of all the Steamboat Landings. The location is one of the most desirable in the city; the house new, spacious and commodious, and the fare, though vegetable, and prepared with a strict regard to Temperance and Health, will be found acceptable, and embracing every variety desired by the undepraved appetite.

Garden and Farm Seeds,

WARRANTED THE GROWTH OF 1840.

For sale at the Seed store No. 45 North Market street, Boston.

The Subscriber has just completed his assortment of seeds for the coming season, and is ready to supply orders to any amount, for farm, garden, and flower seeds, both to traders and to farmers

The seeds offered are selected with great care, raised by experienced seed growers in the vicinity of Boston, New Hampshire, and in Maine, and every precaution has been used to obtain *pure* and *perfect* seeds. It is confident that satisfaction will be given to purchasers

Garden Seeds.

The assortment of garden seeds comprises every variety of seeds that is worthy of cultivation.

Seeds by the quantity, assorted to suit the different markets

Boxes of seeds for retailing, neatly prepared, at 6 cents per paper, with printed directions for their culture, variously assorted, from $10 per box and upwards: a liberal discount will be made to dealers

Farm Seeds.

An excellent and very select assortment of improved field-seeds, comprising the best assortment of wheat, rye, barley, corn, oats, grass seeds, root seeds, &c. &c. &c.

Farmers who intend to change their seed, are invited to call and examine.

Flower seeds, roots, shrubs, vines and trees of all kinds furnished to order.

Catalogues of the whole may be obtained on application.

Orders by wholesale and retail are respectfully solicited.

CHARLES P. BOSSON, *Seedsman,*
No. 45 North Market street, Boston.
February 18, 1841. 6t

Channing's New Work on EMANCIPATION.

Just published, by the American Anti-slavery Society, and for sale at the Office, No. 143 Nassau street New-York, Channing's new work on Emancipation, a neat 18 mo. pamphlet of 72 pages. A cheaper publication was never issued from the anti-slavery press. It will be sold at 12 1-2 cents, a single copy, and at 10 dollars a hundred.

Those who wish to supply themselves with this valuable production, would do well to send orders promptly.

Terms Cash only.

CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN
Oliver Johnson & Geo. F. White.

This Day published, and for sale, by Oliver Johnson, at 143 Nassau street, a duodecimo pamphlet of 48 pages, entitled, "Correspondence between Oliver Johnson and George F. White, a minister of the Society of Friends; with an Appendix." Price 12 1-2 cents single—10 copies for $1.

New-York, Feb. 25.

To Landlords and Tenants.

The SUBSCRIBER will receive agencies for renting houses, stores, and tenements at Hutson's Intelligence Office, No. 560½ Pearl street. When houses are registered, or application made by tenants, no charge is made unless suited.

Feb. 25, 1841. P. A. BELL.

BAPTIST ANTI-SLAVERY CORRESPONDENT.

For sale at 143 Nassau street, (price 10 cents single, $6 per hundred,) the Baptist Anti-Slavery Correspondent, vol. 1, No. 1; containing the reply of the Rev. Elon Galusha, to the letter of Rev. R. Fuller, of South Carolina.

Information Wanted.—Of Edward Powell, and Catharine Crumwell, his sister, formerly of Flatbush, L. I., subsequently of Brooklyn and of this city. Any person knowing either of the above named persons, or their children, will confer a favor by leaving word at this office, or at 61 Cherry street, upon A RELATIVE.

Local Agents for the Standard.

Edward M. Davis, Philadelphia, Penn.
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William Aplin, Providence, R. I.
Lorrin Whiting, New Marlborough, Mass.
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